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NOTES OF THE WEEK.

Parliament meets for the new session on Tuesday, and great matters will have to be pressed forward. What is the position of the Government? It was certainly strengthened by its resolve at last, reached after eighteen months of war and wobble, to end coaxing up, and, instead, to begin calling up the youth of the nation. It was strengthened by this real stroke of war; even though the weapon had to be forced into its shaking fingers, and though it at once began a surely unnecessary protest that it would never, never exchange this weapon for a bigger one. Also the announcement this week that on 17 March men in the classes 2 to 12, whether attested or not, must report themselves has helped the Government. People are more inclined to say: "Why this is something like a Government. *Why, it is calling up the Conscripts!*" And they rightly add: "Well done, the Government, this time!"

Indeed, the Military Service Act—the one bold stroke of war, at home, since 4 August 1914—has been a godsend to the Government: it saved the Government's life. On the other hand, the Zeppelin affair has somewhat hurt the Government. The stream of angry letters suddenly let loose in the Press is significant. It is hard to avoid the "unpleasant" truth that the public outside London is irritated at the confusion over lighting, etc., which reigned in many places during and before the Zeppelin raid. It is all very fine for the Leave-Everything-Alone Press—which happens to have had no casualties itself—to pooh-pooh the raid, remark cynically that only about fifty people were killed, and advise those who growl to go and hide themselves in the cellars; but the public is sure to make enquiries when "about fifty" women and little children are killed thus. And the more the women and little children are killed by Zeppelins, the more discontented will the public grow with the Government, which, it considers, should take prompt measures of defence. We hope, therefore, that the

Government will soon have its plans and re-arrangements ship-shape against the next raid.

One thing the whole Cabinet should steel itself against collectively—and every member should steel himself against individually: namely, make no more pledges to threatening deputations or conferences of wirepullers of any kind. The ABC of modern scientific war, as every human being with a glint of common sense really should perceive by now, is obligatory national service, a State-enforced duty. Nations can no more win outright a great war against a great foe without resort to these first letters of the modern military alphabet than they can win it without resort to powder and shot. Well, at last we have got, let us say, the A of this alphabet agreed to—or, if desired, let us say the A and B agreed to. That is, we have agreed upon a regular and scientific system of obligation or compulsion as regards one large section of the youth and natural fighting material of the nation. If we are now to take a solemn oath and kiss the Book, just to please the greedy civilian wirepullers and the loose, bad Socialists, that we will never attempt the C, and so complete the whole A B C of modern scientific war—why, in that case we shall have presently either (a) to break our oath or (b) to be beaten by Germany. Moreover we must add that such pledges are, apart from their absurdity, deeply resented by and galling to the soldiers who are bearing the brunt of the war. "Why should I", each of these soldiers has a perfect right to say, "be sacrificed because the Government does not want to offend or inconvenience the men at home who object to come to my aid?"

"Realist", in the REVIEW to-day, argues that Mr. Arnold Bennett, novelist, and his Voluntarist comrades have, after all—however unintentionally—"done their bit" in securing—Compulsion! Let us hope they are happy now they have got it. But we cannot allow Mr. Arnold Bennett to claim too large a share of the credit for Compulsion, because there have been so

many Voluntarists who may put in a like claim. Indeed, every Voluntarist who shrieked, with Mr. Bennett, against Compulsion, and called for the suppression of those who in Press and on platform were threatening Compulsion a year or so ago, "did his bit" in the same way. He prevented men from voluntarily enlisting by telling them that Compulsion would never, never come; would never, never be accepted by any Government holding Radical Ministers.

We remember how Lord Beauchamp, some time in the autumn of 1914, threatened us as reactionary Tories for asking for a fair and general law of obligatory military service; and we cannot quite forget that it was Mr. Henderson—though he has nobly atoned since—who announced at about the same time that it was unpatriotic to talk even of such a thing as Compulsion. We seem to remember, too, that the "Spectator", in an editorial note on a correspondent's letter, then announced that nothing more ought to be said during the war in favour of Compulsion—though, if our memory has misguided us, and we have slipped, the "Spectator" will perhaps be good enough to set us right. Mr. Lloyd George, too, and the Prime Minister—like Mr. Arnold Bennett—"did their bit", however unintentionally, to secure Compulsion by announcing severely more than once that it was entirely unnecessary and was not to be! They thereby assured the young men that there was no danger of their ever being "fetched". In fact, the amount of unintentional help that was given to Compulsion by the "stern and unbending" advocates of Voluntarism, when we come to view it in "Realist's" light, really appears extensive. We feel rather jealous.

If the captain of the "King Stephen" had taken aboard the crew of the wrecked Zeppelin L19 he would have played the part not so much of a brave man as of a fool. Once securely aboard, the crew of the Zeppelin, in all likelihood, would have "strafed" the unarmed, artless men of the British trawler, and headed for—Germany! As a result, we should never have known for sure of the wreck of the Zeppelin, which was very good and cheering news; whilst the world would have been cumbered with some thirty ruffians it can very well spare. There is no need to mince one's words over an incident such as this; though doubtless our Half-Fighters and Expediency Editors and jibbering Voluntarists will show the whites of their eyes at such simple truths as these and regard us as lost souls. Zeppelin L19 has gone to the bottom of the North Sea with her crew complete: and nothing in their life became them half so well as the leaving of it.

Of course, the Half-Fighters, Expediency Editors, and Voluntarists in question are up and screaming against our preventing Germany with her Zeppelins from killing women and children and bombing open towns. Our Half-Fighters, etc., have been calling out to those who are opposed to the Zeppelins bombing open English towns and villages to go into the cellars and hold their peace there. Germany is to be suffered to go on bombing us in peace and security, as it were. We must turn to her the other cheek—or the other cheek of the women and poor little children. Such, so far as we can make out, is the pacifist-militarist doctrine of the Radical papers in London. Is it not time that Edinburgh, Birmingham, Aberdeen, Dundee, Glasgow, or some other city in the provinces sent one of its Liberal papers to London and set up here? It is rather hard for patriotic Liberals and Radicals in London that they should be so poorly catered for by the Press. There are plenty of good and robust Liberal and Radical papers throughout the provinces which a patriot can read without being ashamed of. Why, then, should London wait?

The Germans in the West are trying still to straighten their line. On Tuesday they renewed their attack on the French north of Arras, to the west of

Vimy heights, which command the plain for a great distance, and which the French nearly won last September. Berlin claims that 800 yards of trench were taken, with 100 prisoners and five machine guns; but that the French, to the south of the Somme, made their way after dark into a German trench section. The French report differs. It says that the enemy in the afternoon exploded two heavily loaded mines to the west of La Folie, south of Hill 140; that they penetrated some sectors of the front line trenches, which had been shattered by the explosion, and also some points of the parallel trench. From this trench the Germans were driven by a grenade attack during the night. Later fighting in the same district has been claimed as a success by both sides.

Fighting on the Dniester between the Russians and the Austrians has begun again along the Bukovina frontier, and our Ally has won a real success, destroying in a single engagement about 2,000 of the enemy. It was a battle at close quarters with the bayonet, and both sides were equally brave, the Austrians usually holding out till their losses were more than one-third of their numbers. But the great Russian offensive has not yet begun. The Austrian positions around Czernowitz are elaborately fortified, and a three-fold series of electric wires adds greatly to their strength. Asphyxiating bombs are said to have been sent in large numbers to the Austrian lines. According to the most recent news, our Ally has crossed the Dniester.

The reassembling of the Russian Duma is one among many signs that Russia, after her breathing-time, has recovered from the deadly and persistent hammering of last summer on the eastern front. The hammers of the German armies, in beating back the Russian troops and revealing their poverty in munitions, rudely jarred the whole fabric of Russian government and organisation. But our Ally is now upright and confident—well supplied and making ready with a firm confidence.

To-day is the sixty-sixth day since General Townshend's force was shut up in the ill-smelling Arab town of Kut-el-Amara. Some attempts have been made this week to describe its lot, but there is no need to add to the anxiety of those who have relatives in the besieged army. A fortnight ago General Townshend had all the supplies that he needed, and the Turks, after several defeats, have been cautious and respectful. But violent storms and inundations have greatly hindered the relief columns under Sir Percy Lake, who holds both banks of the Tigris about twenty-three miles below Kut.

Berlin newspapers declare that the German armies have captured no fewer than 1,429,971 men, with 3,000 machine guns, 9,700 bigger guns, and 1,300,000 rifles. As to her own losses in missing and prisoners, they number 356,153. We shall not accept those figures: they are made in Germany. Colonel Repington estimates that at present her fighting reserve is about 2,000,000 men, plus the troops now in the field, about 3,600,000. Then there are her total losses on all fronts. Mr. Tennant gave the figures to 21 December 1915: 588,986 killed, 24,080 other deaths, 356,153 missing and prisoners, and 1,566,549 wounded. Here is a total of 2,535,768. Colonel Repington has arrived at a higher total, but he includes the whole of December and the whole of January: 1,775,455. Last month only 36,000 Germans were dismissed from the battle lines, while in November the casualties were 190,862.

Owing to ill-health General Sir Horace Smith-Dorrien has resigned the command of the British and South African troops engaged in the East African campaign, and his successor is General Smuts, a soldier of true genius, in whom General Botha has the utmost confidence. Last November, when the Union contingents for East Africa were being formed, the command in East Africa was offered to General Smuts, but he was unable then to accept it. For some time Sir Horace

Smith-Dorrien's health has felt the overstrain of the war. On his way to his new post he was delayed by illness at Cape Town, where he arrived on 12 January.

Not much has yet been added to the story of the "Appam". A week ago all British passengers left the ship and 150 of them have sailed in the "Noordam". As for the crews of British steamers captured by Lieutenant Berg, they sailed on Wednesday in the "Baltic". Lieutenant Berg has described in brief the historic fight made by the "Clan MacTavish"—a fight which Admiral Jellicoe regards as magnificent. "The fight was lively, but it was short", says Berg. "We shot away her bridge with our first two shells. The 'Möwe' did not have much to fear; she was too well protected and the shells from the 'Clan MacTavish' bounced off. . . . We wanted the vessel for the cargo she carried and we asked her to surrender without a fight. . . . Her officers were taken on board the 'Möwe' along with probably ten men of the crew."

Hostile seaplanes visited our coast again on Wednesday, flying in the afternoon over Margate and Broadstairs. Three bombs were dropped in a field on the outskirts of Ramsgate and four near a school at Broadstairs. Three of these exploded, injuring two women and a child. The murderers were attacked by naval and military seaplanes and aeroplanes, but they got away. As a result of the recent air raid on the Midlands the Home Secretary has made an Order extending to the central and north-western areas of England the restrictions on public and private lighting in force in the eastern and south-eastern counties. The Order comes into operation on 16 February.

All aliens are now to register, whether they live in prohibited areas or not. So a small move is being made towards the firmer policy in regard to aliens lately urged in the SATURDAY. But we see no signs of a stricter internment of the enemy aliens still loose in London and all through the country. Here the Government keeps far behind what is deemed by our Allies to be necessary and wise.

The destruction of the Parliament House at Ottawa should be read this week beside the further revelations concerning the activities of von Papen. German agents who plan and pay for sabotage in a neutral country will surely have well spread their organisation into an enemy country just over the border. Canada incurs a particularly sharp peril from outrages such as this; and claims from us a vivid sympathy in the losses she has repeatedly sustained. We hear that this event has stimulated recruiting in Canada. Certainly it gives point to the agreement just made between Mr. Borden and Sir Wilfrid Laurier that there shall be no general election. Sir Robert Borden, by the way, does not belong to the super-sanguineous school. He says outright that, in his opinion, we are not yet half-way through our struggle with Germany.

It is very likely that pressure is being put on Roumania by Germany; but nothing can be usefully or discreetly written about the position there. Of course, it is serious and delicate—everybody can see that. M. Bratiano, the Prime Minister of Roumania, who has quite exceptional power in his hand, is, we believe, a wise man: Germany would naturally prefer a Government with MM. Carp and Marghiloman in power. The Roumanian people are friendly to us.

The "formula" for which the German Government and the American Government have been searching in the matter of the "Lusitania" has apparently been found. So another "crisis" has passed, and President Wilson can again congratulate himself upon the rewards of patience. Meantime let the public in England try to believe that America never has been, or intended to be, at dire extremes with Germany. We really must learn a little more wisdom and discretion in respect of the American attitude to the war.

America has never in the least degree departed from the strictest neutrality since war broke out. The new points raised this week as to armed merchantmen entirely destroy the practical value of Germany's assurances; and a new "crisis" may possibly arise after the usual preliminaries. But this will doubtless be in every way as well and safely managed by President Wilson as the former ones.

The Government is clearly only at the beginning of its difficulties with regard to the control of shipping. It has chosen, for a remedy against high freights, to go in for the restricting of imports. It is a steep and a thorny way. It means singling out special industries for slaughter; and however carefully the industries are chosen there must needs arise a hundred questions at every step. If this system of restriction should have to be taken far it would need in its directors a Draconic severity, a justice as invariable as that of Aristides, together with knowledge and fore-knowledge absolute. In any case there will be questions in plenty for Parliament and for Press in regard to this new enterprise in government.

This week, for example, it puzzles one to know why sugar for jam should be barred before, say, barley for beer. One would like to hear more on this subject. We are reminded by the "Daily Chronicle" that the tonnage necessary for importing the raw materials of alcoholic drink exceeds the total tonnage required for sugar, and is not far short of the tonnage required for paper-making materials. The interest of the "Daily Chronicle" in these particular facts does not, of course, in any way resemble our own. But we would rather like to know why, supposing either barley or sugar must be sacrificed, it should necessarily be sugar. Sugar, after all, is more necessary than beer. Why, moreover, should beer have the advantage of books?

The Departmental Committee on Land Settlement for soldiers and sailors after the war has reported. It recommends a scheme of tenancy rather than ownership, and considers the Government should allot £2,000,000 towards starting the scheme. We hope to discuss the proposals later. There is no need whatever for hurry: this business must be soundly thought out. Meanwhile we may say that we far prefer small ownership to small tenancy, as a rule. The latter is no doubt affected by Fabian Socialists, town theorists, and so on, but men of weight and country knowledge usually distrust it. The principles of obligatory national service and of landownership go admirably together. We have secured the first now to start with; and if it is only practicable to add the second, the country ought to be set up and thoroughly revived.

We welcome as a signal of decision, quite apart from merits, the way in which Mr. Asquith has stuck to his guns on the museums question. Any evidence of resolution in the Government is for the time being welcome, even though it be a resolution to hamstring the arts. Resolution in petty error may lead in time to resolution in essential matters.

TO OUR READERS.

The restriction in the import of paper and the scarcity that will result may make it necessary for the SATURDAY REVIEW to curtail the surplus copies ordered by the trade to meet the casual demands.

We hope, therefore, that readers of the SATURDAY REVIEW will assist in this economy of paper by giving their newsagent a definite order, or by forwarding a subscription direct to the office, 10 King Street, Covent Garden, London.

Without this precaution some difficulty may be experienced in obtaining the REVIEW.

LEADING ARTICLES.

THE POLICY OF REPRISALS.

IT is easy to degrade a military word into a political bogey, into a scaring party cry. A few weeks ago the word "Conscription" was the principal nursery demon to those who lived all day long in chaotic half-thoughts; but now the word "Reprisals" has begun to hold precedence and empire. It is gaining a baleful reputation, and the Stop-the-War fanatics are settling down upon it like flies on a dead body. They see that several men of high distinction, everywhere respected and admired, have written in haste on the policy of Reprisals, either saying or implying that it means a savage wickedness, "an undiluted barbarism", which no civilised people can use in war without depraving their social life and the cause for which they fight. Meantime, somehow, few ask themselves what variations of meaning have been given to the word "reprisal". There are four:—

1. An act of business retaliation, as in the undercutting of trade prices.
2. The act of taking from an enemy by way of indemnity or of counter-attack, as in fines and damages.
3. Anything taken from an enemy in legal retaliation, as when the criminal law takes the life of a convicted murderer.
4. The act of retorting on an enemy in war as a retribution for an act of inhumanity.

These four variations of meaning rest on the same doctrine of self-defence against harm or against wrong, because the experience of mankind has proved that punishment by law, or by private actions not at odds with the law, must be a reprisal fitted to check the evil against which a firm stand must be made. To be afraid of inflicting punishment because punishment gives pain is to encourage those who are the worst foes to the common good. If this dread of giving pain were followed to its last consequences, a great many necessary laws would be repealed and evils would multiply unhindered. Suppose murderers were only admonished, then sent back into civil life; or suppose penal servitude were set aside as a cruel reprisal. What then? By what effective means could hyper-sensitive citizens defend themselves and their social life against a known percentage of criminals? If reprisals of every sort are depraved and depraving, how are law and order to be administered and upheld?

Oddly enough, reprisals in some very bad phases—bad, we mean, from a social viewpoint—are tolerated by persons who believe that their conscience never sleeps during the day. Lock-outs and strikes, for example, are anti-social reprisals, for they may do harm to a whole nation, and always they have a demoralising effect on many homes, and therefore on women and children. They are unprincipled and foolish, like the old custom in civil life that accepted as justice the ordeal by battle—a duel, a minor civil war, in which the better-skilled force was judge, jury and victor.

But the main point is that daily life is active everywhere with reprisals, some foolish and unnecessary, others useful and essential. The unnecessary phases have in them an aggressive egoism that is harmful to good citizenship. A true reprisal has for its aim both a legitimate self-defence and a retaliation that punishes adequately, in order to prevent frequent repetitions of a bad offence against the State's welfare. Hence a war of just reprisal is always a just war, while a war of unprovoked aggression is always damnable. Even German statesmen now understand this point, for, after preparing year after year for an aggressive war, they

are now obliged to tell the world that they fight against aggression. Similarly, their air-raids discover a fortress in every defenceless village that they bomb. They have at least to pretend outwardly a respect for the routine of military honour that decent soldiers obey. Not only do they seek excuses for new crimes; they fabricate excuses in order to keep neutrals as quiet as possible. And another point is this: that the population of Germany approves any sort of raid on English villages and towns, so that our own population is attacked by the whole enemy nation. What is England to do in her self-defence? Is she to punish the German townsfolk, or is she to be content with the firing of big guns?

Consider the policy of big guns. Zeppelins fly higher and higher to escape from efficient gunnery; and the higher they fly the more haphazard is their bomb-dropping, so that random shooting from a very high altitude is more dangerous to civilians than deliberate shooting at military points would be from a low altitude. In air warfare, even at its best, civilians will suffer often with the soldiery, just as they do in a besieged city. Whenever airmen attack military points in a gunned town they are likely to miss their aim, and some civilians may be killed by accident. This danger in air warfare is a great hindrance to reputable fighters, and a constant friend to nefarious German methods. Further, since there is at present no coast defence that prevents the coming of airships, what is the British public to do? Is it to sit still after burying its dead? And must it talk about passive virtue while awaiting another massacre by Zeppelins?

Professor A. F. Pollard answers that "we cannot beat the Germans in or by a competition in wanton brutality", and that "military effect, not vengeance, is the sole legitimate criterion in war by land, sea and air". In other words, we must bury our dead and do nothing to punish the German people. By means of inaction, seasoned with goody-goody talk—a false idealism—we must invite the fleet of Zeppelins to return as soon as possible; for if in a just reprisal we killed some German civilians, we should be guilty of "undiluted barbarism"! Sir Edward Clarke says: "For us to send our gallant airmen to drop bombs upon innocent women and children would be a piece of savage wickedness. How can it be an excuse for us that the Germans have set us the example? . . . How can we dare to pray to the God of righteousness, or hope for His blessing, if we are ready to copy our enemy's crime? It may be our misfortune to be defeated in this war; it will be our own fault if we are disgraced."

It is clear that Sir Edward Clarke is at war against all painful punishments, including those that social justice administers in courts of law. Our population has as much right to punish the German nation for murders by Zeppelins as an ordered society has a right to punish its criminals; because the present war is not merely a contest between armies, it is a grapple between entire nations, one of which has preyed upon civilians. Besides, what morality is there in talking complacently over the murder of our own women and children? Goody-goody talk in England is an amusement to Germany. It is to her what gifts of toffy and cake from little boys are to an incorrigible bully in a school.

Let no one hesitate to be firm. Retribution here is the only possible prevention, and we need the retribution of stern reprisals on behalf of our own people and on behalf of humanity also. Lord Rosebery has come to the same verdict. It is his conviction that reprisal

is a choice among evils, of which it is the least, as being the surest protection of our own women and children, and as a measure which is therefore due to them. Sir Evelyn Wood holds other views, saying that the Germans would not willingly waste an air bomb in killing non-combatants after carrying it hundreds of miles. Lord Rosebery answers that they are not so frugal of their bombs as Sir Evelyn seems to think. "They have killed scarcely any combatants, but have rained their shells on merchant ships, schools, villages, and private homes without any discrimination—which, indeed, with their methods and at their altitudes, would not be possible. It is exactly this system which should be brought home to its Prussian admirers by the sincere and wholesome flattery of imitation."

Professor Sanday says: "It is a strange kind of homeopathy to suppose that we should check these atrocities by adding to them." Lord Rosebery answers that this same argument would rule out capital punishment. "As thus. 'It is a strange kind of homeopathy to suppose that we should check murder by adding a violent death to it.'"

And these are not the only points. On several occasions French airmen have put into action the principle of reprisal, as in their raids on Karlsruhe and Stuttgart; and the latter raid was officially advertised as a reprisal for German attacks on open towns in France and Britain. Yet not a protest was raised in England. Why? Have we not candour enough in this country to do our own punishing? Our authorities sanctioned the use of gas to protect our troops against the German abomination; and they will be obliged to sanction other reprisals in order to save British civilians from atrocities. They can do from France with aeroplanes what the French have done in just retribution.

Meantime, a supercilious racial pride in our nation gossips here and there about quietism after citizens have been Zeppelinized to death, just as it gossiped about pacifism when Germany was preparing for this war. Its pet argument always has been the same: that its ideal virtue must go its own insulated way, as if dangerous evils unchecked would be harmless to it. Evils have no more respect for virtue than bacilli have for health, and virtue, like health, must protect itself efficiently, and often by means that seem cruel to onlookers. There is horror in a surgical operation, and horror in a court of justice where a criminal is being tried for his life or for his liberty. None has a right to say: "Let our women and children be murdered by Zeppelins because we cannot face the horror of punishing German citizens in a counter-attack of reprisals". To talk in this anæmic strain is to countenance massacre and to offer our country to frequent raids, for stern reprisal is the one means of defence which at present is at all likely to bring pressure to bear on the rejoicing German people, and through them on German statesmen, who need quietness in their towns, and whose attacks on English non-combatants are planned to hearten their bloodthirsty civilians.

THE AMERICAN POINT OF VIEW AGAIN.

THE War has now lasted for just over eighteen months, during which period virtually every leading question which can arise in time of war between belligerents and neutrals has been discussed in some form or other between the American Government, the Central Powers and the Allies. The American Government has protested regarding the trade, the property and the lives of its people. In all these discussions the American attitude has been quite clearly revealed; and it has never varied for a moment. The descrip-

tion of the American attitude given in the SATURDAY REVIEW of 13 November, 1915, in an article entitled "The American Point of View", applies to-day without the change of a single phrase. Nevertheless, it fails to be accepted or understood even by some very shrewd and careful observers. As each "crisis" occurs and passes we find people in London who still talk as though America were on the point of coming into the struggle, as though the motives which moved her were bound sooner or later to embroil her with Germany, as though the tension between New York and Berlin were rising to the point of war. There is really no ground for any of these expectations. But they appear to be quite inveterate.

The American Government has not, at any time since war broke out, regarded the War from any other point of view than that of a neutral. The American Government, during the last eighteen months, has never once lost sight of its main intention, which was certainly to keep well clear of the European catastrophe. Whenever there has seemed to be any danger of American public feeling running too high for immediate suppression (never a very serious danger, but one necessarily to be reckoned with), the American Government has invariably played for time. Its policy all through has been one of skilful postponement—a policy in which Germany has usually been ready to meet it halfway. By means of Notes, of seeking explanations and looking for formulæ, the American President has fitted the American mind with a cooling system or radiator whereby any possible passion of the moment may be neutralised. There is nothing in the "Lusitania" correspondence to suggest that America ever intended extremes, provided that Germany would allow the discussion to proceed. The "formula" found this week for its settlement—its precise terms are quite immaterial so far as any principle is concerned—is a natural finish to the diplomatic alarms and excursions which preceded it. Germany has well played her part in the diplomatic comedy, cleverly adapting her tone to the system of Notes and Queries adopted at Washington. In every case her procedure has been the same.

Whenever President Wilson has had any reason to fear that the small war party in America might be able to work upon the general temper of the country the German Government has played, parallel with the President, for time and prudence. Then, when the "crisis" had passed, Germany could again stiffen her knees, and the circle could begin afresh. For instance, now that the "Lusitania" "formula" has been found, another question is opened this week by a new Note from Germany as to the arming of merchantmen. This takes the negotiating parties back to starting point.

It has yet to be driven home to a large proportion of the public that America at large looks upon this war in a totally different way from those educated Americans with whom we sometimes discuss the merits of the Allied cause in London or Paris. Our general misconception as to the American point of view is largely due to the fact that the Americans we meet in England or France to-day belong to that small section—the sensitive section—of the American public which is heart and mind with the Allies in their struggle with Germany. But the American nation is not at all likely to go to dire extremes simply because Mr. Henry James has naturalised himself in Great Britain, or because there is an American ambulance in France, or because in August 1914 there was a spontaneous feeling among certain Americans on behalf of Belgium, and a furious indignation with the Power which had stealthily prepared to claim by force the hegemony of Europe. The section of the American public which regards the War as a crusade against a Government responsible for the sack of Louvain, the sinking of the "Lusitania", and the Zeppelin raids upon England is not by any means a majority; and it is politically balanced by an opposed minority on the other side which is not really American at all, but a separatist colony of German immigrants. The bulk of America

does not regard the War either as a crusade of the Allies or as a splendid German adventure. It regards it mainly as an event which has closed certain markets to American trade and has opened others. The War, as a war, it regards as strictly a European affair. It requires of its President and representative that he should keep America out of it, and do his best for the interests of America.

This is a perfectly intelligible view. It is not a high or heroic view. It is not idealist or generous. It does not warm the blood like the view of our friend, Mr. Roosevelt and those Americans who would like to see their country playing a fine, historic part. We do not imagine that the unborn generations of America will thrill to read the "Lusitania" correspondence or that their hearts will beat a little faster than usual when they follow the adventures of President Wilson in search of a "formula"—a formula whereby a Power which will assuredly figure as Apollyon in years to come might suitably compound for the murder of American citizens.

Nevertheless, we really have no right to demand of America that she should play a lofty and quixotic part in European affairs, and we shall be well advised not to nudge or hint at America that it is her duty to be magnificent. America has a right to her own views and her own way of dealing with her own affairs. The only drawback to the particular form in which President Wilson decorates the very practical and worldly policy of his nation is that it rather encourages people in England in their delusions as to the American point of view. The President has a gift for fine phrases, such as "We are a body of idealists, much more ready to lay down our lives for thought than for dollars". When he puts America's shrewd policy in this particular way the public in Great Britain tends to become a little confused. Perhaps it would be better if the public here, instead of pretending to understand the euphemisms of American public life, would fix their attention more particularly upon what the American Government has actually done in its dealings with Germany on the one hand and with ourselves on the other. President Wilson, pleading with his countrymen for armaments, is not our affair. We shall learn very little by making ourselves eavesdroppers upon American domestic politics. Our concern is with "Notes" addressed to the British Foreign Office and with the steps actually taken by America to protest against the murder of American citizens at sea. When we confine ourselves to these perfectly intelligible departments of American statesmanship, we find a constant evidence of its intention to keep America true to the letter of a strict neutrality. The bulk of America expects its President to keep the War well away from its doors and to look strictly after American interests.

These are the facts, and it would be well if the British public agreed to accept them. Our grateful sympathy will continue to go out to those Americans who have made the Allied cause morally their own; and we may privately regret that a fine, historic opportunity to show a disinterested passion on behalf of an idea has been refused by a great and powerful nation. But these very natural feelings are no excuse for self-deception. It is time the facts were faced. America in bulk has come to the conclusion that she does not desire to pose heroically or to play the Quixote on behalf of a threatened civilisation. She has tacitly agreed with friend and foe alike not to count morally in the Great War. It is for us simply to note her decision, and conduct ourselves accordingly.

THE PATRIOTIC PAPERS IN LONDON: A SUGGESTION.

HAS not the time come for the Forwards of the London daily and weekly Press—that is, for those papers which deprecate faltering half-measures, small compromises and expedients for getting things partly and slowly done, and the spirit of flaccid "Voluntaryism" generally—to work together more in unison? The "Times", "Morning Post", "Sat-

day Review", "Evening Standard", "Daily Mail", "Evening News", and "Globe" may, in this connection, be described as the patriotic wing in London, the strenuous vanguard, which constantly favours a more forward policy in the war, and more generous support for our gallant soldiers and sailors. But the difficulty at present is that this patriotic and forward wing is made up of pinions which, however strongly and firmly they beat in regard to the great vital needs of the war, too often beat separately and at different times. Hence their strokes must tend to lose the force and effect they would have if the pinions—the primaries of the wing—were in closer, surer touch one with another. Ordinarily, in peace time and in party politics, papers are keen, sometimes bitterly keen, rivals. It has, moreover, long been accepted as etiquette among papers in this country that, as a rule, they shall not refer to one another by name: they are merely "our contemporaries", or "a certain daily journal", or "a well-known weekly", and so on. Commonly—and this unfortunately holds good not only of the pre-war days but also of the eighteen months of war—one paper has no clear knowledge of what line its contemporaries are going to take next morning or next evening on such questions as the latest Cabinet appointment, the discussion about Zeppelin reprisals, neutral trade figures, the internment of aliens, National Service, or tribunals and the starring of workers. The result is not only a loss of driving force in criticism, but often a certain clashing of opinions. This is naturally welcomed by the opposition papers, which constantly preach from the parrot text, "Leave it to the Government"—a text which, by the way, can often be extremely distasteful to the Government—and which desire to reply to the German policy of frightfulness by a British policy of fearfulness—i.e., by a policy which is terrified of doing anything which may conceivably embarrass some busily trading neutral, or may get Great Britain into ill odour among conscientious objectors and pacifists, or may endanger the position of some Cabinet Minister who has been in office since 1905 or 1906—and who might, as a matter of fact, take such action in perfectly good part!

The history of the long-drawn-out struggle to secure the principle of Compulsory Military Service illustrates this in a remarkable way. The constant dread for a year or more, among the half-fighters or easy-going moderates or strictly pacific-militarists or business-as-usual section, was lest the forward and patriotic wing of the London Press should act continuously and strongly together, and so force the pace that "Conscription" would be carried with a rush many months ago. And all manner of curious intrigues (the story of which, we fear, will never be fully disclosed) were arranged to avert this—to the half-fighters and expediency men—disaster. The intrigues, though finally baffled, were for a long time successful, and pro-Germans rejoiced naturally: they have cost the Army thousands upon thousands of unnecessary casualties and the country millions upon millions of unnecessary money.

Exactly the same thing will happen in many other vital and pressing matters: things which should be rushed through at the rate Germany rushes her great moves through, will be drawn out in heart-breaking fashion, put off, and put off yet again, unless the Forwards of the Press can form themselves into a more "steadily regimented" force, as Carlyle expresses it in his Letters of Oliver Cromwell. Organisation, concentration—these are almost everything in successful war; and patriotic papers should surely strive to achieve them not less than parties and governments.

It is not suggested for a moment that the patriotic, independent and forward newspapers should merely echo one another, or adopt the repeater cries of the lately successful "Voluntaryists" or "No-Conscription" journalists and pro-Germans. We do not need to be, like them, flocks of geese gabbling on the green, and pushing out a long, outstretched neck at any alarming intruder!

Nor is it suggested that the patriotic papers should be assembled in a room every day before going to press, and that some dominating personality among them should set his back to the door, and, like Palmerston, refuse to open it until all are agreed to write the same thing!

Rather, the kind of thing—though this is only one thing—needed is that they should not hold shyly aloof from each other. They might well confer together, often at short notice: they might form a kind of circle, and at regular times dine together: they ought not to have the least hesitation in quoting freely from each other when the interests of the public demand it. We believe there really is a strong disposition to this end; and more than once of late some of us, who are heartily in favour of a policy of Thorough, of drastic action at home, have been cheered, even delighted, by friendly interchanges between, for example, the "Times" and the "Morning Post", the "Morning Post" and the "Daily Mail"; whilst the "Evening News", an exceedingly active paper, never hesitates to help on such advances. In reality no commercial disadvantage could be incurred by the pinions of the forward wing acting in closer accord over various matters of moment; whilst the question of etiquette is, in this perilous national crisis, altogether too absurd to consider seriously. Nor need complete independence of thought and action be endangered by such a nearer comradeship for purely national ends.

We shall be glad to do anything in our power to bring the great patriotic daily papers in London into closer, more human, working touch for the purposes of the war. Such a step would in no wise be aimed necessarily at the Government. On the contrary, it should assist the Government in the firm prosecution of the war; and we are certain that it would be welcomed by a very large public. It would help to clarify movements which at present are often sadly confused. It would help to cheer our splendid soldiers and sailors, who would feel that a strong group of newspapers at home was constantly and methodically acting together on their behalf. We hope that something may be done speedily in this really important matter.

THE GREAT WAR.

APPRECIATION (No. 80) BY VIEILLE MOUSTACHE.

MEDDLING AND MUDDLING WITH THE ARMY.

SOMEWHAT belatedly a recent "London Gazette" contained the text of an Order in Council, dated 27 January, which states:

"His Majesty, by and with the advice of his Privy Council, is pleased to order, and it is hereby ordered, as follows:—The Chief of the Imperial General Staff shall, in addition to performing such other duties as may from time to time be assigned to him under the Order in Council dated 10 August 1904, be responsible for issuing the orders of the Government in regard to military operations.

"The Deputy Chief of the Imperial General Staff shall be responsible for the performance of such duties of the Department as the Chief of the Imperial General Staff may assign to him from time to time.—Almeric FitzRoy."

We are beginning to realise, after an experience of eighteen months, that war is a business. Like other businesses in life, it is dependent upon the ability of the directing mind for its success. We as a practical people know that if for some reason the system for the control and regulation of a business is displaced the undertaking will be prone to gain or suffer by the change. A substitution in a managing directorship is a serious consideration to the shareholders of any business concern. The clouds that have enveloped our military operations of war on land for so long a period are proof that something has been wrong in the directorship. Granted that the most incomplete of war machines was destined to be pitted against a perfect weapon, granted that in the initial stages of the contest

we could hardly expect success, granted that our unpreparedness deserved the punishment always due to an army which is forced to surrender the initiative, yet when a slight wave of fortune shone upon our arms and we were able to stem the flood tide of victory and regain our breath, we profited little by the terrible experience that our armies had undergone. With the breathing time afforded to us by the fortune of war in the month of November 1914 in the main theatre in the West, we were foolish enough to search for opportunity to injure our foe in distant ventures overseas. We have been seeking for trouble, to the great joy of our enemy, and we have found it. We have been anticipated by an active enemy in every successive undertaking. We have been forestalled by a superior war-directing mind, and continue to be victims of our own ill-direction. The finger has at last been put upon the flaw in our method of conducting war. We have been tempted to break the rules made for war guidance which were drawn up by ourselves. After labouring for ten years to create a military body representing the "brains of our Army", a council of advice grounded in its training by its own experience of war, the best of schools, and adding to its study the mastery of the principles which govern the duties of the splendid War Staff of our adversary, the whole mechanism has been swept away or swamped in the folds of political ascendancy. The rôle of the Chief of the Imperial General Staff, who in the words of the regulations "is responsible to His Majesty's Government for advice as to the military defence of the Empire", was apparently on the declaration of war in August 1914 assumed by minds foreign to the study of the duties devolving on this officer. These duties are very clearly expressed in the regulations alluded to: "The Chief of the Imperial General Staff.—He is charged with the duty of preparing in peace time plans of offensive and defensive operations with estimates of the forces required for their execution and with the collection of intelligence concerning the armed forces and military resources of foreign powers. In view that naval, military and political considerations are all involved, responsibility for the adoption, modification or revision of a plan of operation rests with the Government, who, on approving a plan, assume responsibility in principle for the provision of the requisite forces. Responsibility for the execution of the approved plan lies with the Commander-in-Chief of the forces in the field, subject to such orders as he may from time to time receive from the Government concerned. As soon as the Commander-in-Chief of the forces in the field is appointed he will be furnished by the Chief of the Imperial Staff with information as to the forces available and their state of mobilisation, the theatre of war, the armed forces and military resources of hostile or Allied powers, together with an appreciation of the military situation and any other information that may be of use to the Commander-in-Chief."

It will be realised that to adopt a strategy that is in contravention to the considered opinion of professional advice is a matter of serious responsibility. Necessity may demand that for a political purpose armies must be employed even at the risk of sacrifice. That is a political and not a military gamble; but that does not give a right to politicians to dictate a strategy which is palpably false.

It was early evident in the struggle to which we are committed that in the Council Chamber responsible for its direction there existed some mind or minds not conversant with the principles upon which war should be conducted. No "brain of an army" would have undertaken responsibility for the pantomime of Antwerp with its Crystal Palace amateurs, nor the excursion of the 7th Division and 3rd Cavalry Division in its separate enterprise amid the canals and waterways of Northern Flanders. These ventures, it must be remembered, were totally independent of the main effort that was being made by the Field Army. They were controlled and directed from London. Moreover, when the enterprise was discovered to be doomed to

failure and the communications with their base of supply had been severed, these forces were apportioned to the Commander-in-Chief of the main army to join him as best they could. This side show made one tremble for the future. It was a writing upon the wall. A strategy which in its conception begins by ignoring the golden rule of concentration of effort and of command as being indispensable to success can find no favour anywhere but with an enemy. Apparently the same directing council fathered upon us the penalty of the disjointed, piecemeal, ill-organised attempt upon the Dardanelles, with its painful wreck to Fleet, Army and prestige—a tale only saved from the stigma of the term disaster by the incomparable heroism of the rank and file and by the genius of a leader in his successful designs for the re-embarkation of his forces.

We were destined once more to realise the disproportion that existed in the mind of our War Council between political desire and military strength. Once more we find ourselves committed to a purpose which remains a puzzle as to whether its object is offensive or defensive. The German directed forces around Salonica will, however, have read our intentions. Armies in their retreats do not destroy bridges and tunnels (as did the Allied Forces after the failure to join a hand with Serbia) if they meditate a resumption of the offensive. Nor does the destruction by the Allies of the fine work that spans the formidable river Struma near Dermir Hissar, an alternative route into Bulgaria, portend a forward movement. Nothing will suit the German purpose better than to know that they can play with large forces of their enemy which have been diverted from the stage where the main effort must be fought out and can gull these armies with fantastic rumours of attack.

Travel still farther east, and we find a tangle of our own creation, the resultant of a want of discrimination between what we can afford to do and what we cannot. The campaign in Mesopotamia was dealt with in these pages in a former Appreciation (No. 78). It was pre-eminently one that should have been designed for a defensive purpose. The operations were originally devised for a purpose strictly British, the security for the motive power for the British Navy by the protection of the oil wells—a very necessary purpose. The movement had no connection with the main strategic design of the Allies. The prolongation of the offensive operations beyond Basra, where our position was secure, in order to produce a moral effect upon our enemy the German at Baghdad, has by its failure turned the scales of prestige against ourselves. Unless this balance is regained, we seem likely to be hoisted upon our own petard.

We may hope for a turn in the tide of fortune when we read the Order in Council above quoted. We framed our War Staff twelve years ago very considerably upon the German design, and we have been given every reason to respect the model. The first principle of the German scheme is the practical exclusion of the politician and the administrator from the sphere of strategical initiative and military operations. When the decision of war is taken by Germany the hour of the politician has passed and the day of the Great General Staff has come. A vital feature of the German scheme is this—that the General Staff in war-time is entirely independent of the Ministry of War, which performs purely administrative functions. The Chief of the German General Staff, responsible only to the Emperor, is the centre of military power, and is not either an adviser or a source of information. The staff machinery has been well described as "an organism of which the arteries run all through the veins of the Army".

Misdirection of effort on the part of the Allies has been the jubilee of our foes, and has cost us untold millions and thousands of lives. With the advent of a new Chief of the Imperial Staff, who possesses a ripe experience of war and of its conduct, we may hope for an improvement. It is significant that with the assumption of his duties some weeks ago a change has come over the spirit of our methods. The words

"absolute military necessity", the strongest pronouncement yet heard in our councils, seem to have been driven home into the minds of our Cabinet. They have quenched the fire that raged therein between the opposing factors that wrestled between the question of war with an enemy or war with a principle. We may now look for business in our methods, for better co-ordination of effort among the Allies, for a better discrimination between offensive and defensive strategy. Laymen will hardly have noticed that a subordinate of high rank in the office of our new director has already been deputed to visit our Ally in the East with a view, we may presume, of bringing into proper relation the efforts of the armies on the Eastern and Western theatres of war. Such a purpose is indispensable for victory, but triumph will only be attained when we have learnt how to abstain from squandering our resources on fools' errands at the beck of a crafty foe, and with the economy of force thus afforded concentrate overwhelming numbers for a supreme effort in the direction where the issue must be placed beyond dispute.

MIDDLE ARTICLES.

SKETCHES FROM THE FRONT—I.

WITH THE REGULARS.

By A SERGEANT IN KITCHENER'S.

I ARRIVED with my detachment at a crack casualty clearing station, reported accordingly, and an erect, quiet, alert staff sergeant took my list of men, and surveyed them without appearing to do so. Here were regulars, I knew—here was the professional man compared to the dusty amateur. Here we were to learn efficiency with a capital E! But the staff sergeant, pulling his moustaches, paid no heed to any information I offered him. He disposed my men haphazard to various duties, and told me politely I should have nothing to do with them. I was put on my old job of pioneer sergeant: I am always interested (against my susceptibilities) in this important job, and here I have made close acquaintance with French sanitation.

In the sergeants' mess a number of prim gentlemen, all with faultless moustaches, conversed together in a guarded manner. The sergeant-major's place was vacant. But that fact was emphasised in conversation often enough, and in such a manner as to assure me he was a person of importance. Meanwhile the quiet staff sergeant shone in his place much like the moon, with borrowed light, but with a personality all his own.

The door opened, and one of the younger sergeants on duty came in much worried.

"Here, Staff", says he, "there are all these forty extra patients coming in now, and nowhere to put their kits. Corporal X. in the pack store says he *won't* take in any more. He says he *won't*, not for Jesus Christ, and threatens to throw the stuff into the corridor".

I smiled inwardly, recalling old days at the Cambridge Hospital.

The young sergeant, whose pale, worn face and bunny eyes represented distress, sat down and rested his head in his hand.

The Staff said nothing, but finished his cup of tea.

"Send Corporal X. to me", he said, and poured out another cup.

Presently Corporal X.—a nice-looking, blue-eyed youth—came in. Staff asked him what the trouble was about, and Corporal X. answered. Apparently it was not too impossible, after all. Corporal X. seemed to be both soothed and enlightened by Staff's suggestions, and returned to his duty. Staff-Sergeant R. was evidently of more authority than Jesus Christ.

This blend of quiet consideration and authority had always been my ideal in these duties. I watched Staff-Sergeant R. carefully for a week, and saw his perfect, almost artistic methods, and could understand his real dislike of the ways of amateurs. But, as I have never seen him in a really difficult position, I cannot tell how much of his success was due to a right employment of

the hierarchical system and how much to his own character.

Next morning at breakfast the sergeant-major sat in his place at the head of the table and conversed loudly and rapidly. He took no notice of me. He interested me at once. He ruled by the fact of greater vitality than most people he came in contact with. His character was largely hidden by a personality strong and domineering and exaggerated by his profession. He had fine dark eyes, a forehead bulging like a musician's, the whole head strong and saturnine, and I fancied not unintellectual.

He soon favoured me with shafts against "the new army", and adopted usually a slightly satirical tone in addressing me, yet seemed anxious to hear my opinions.

I tried to point out that, whatever the shortcomings of the new army N.C.O.'s, they had had to win their spurs in a different field. Probably the regular had never experienced a situation where there was no means or knowledge of enforcing discipline, and men obeyed only your capacity for doing the job better than they—which was how we started. I saw quite clearly that they relied more upon the whole army system for their power, while we relied more on our character.

Of course the whole big hospital went like clock-work, and the men worked like slaves from 6 o'clock to 6 o'clock—unless they had got hold of drink, when a man would become quite unmanageable and offer to fight anyone on the spot.

In the mess no word was too bad for the nurses. Once a sister very sensibly allowed a sick and tired orderly to return to the billets in the afternoon and lie down. This was commented on as a crime in the mess, and drew from the sergeant-major an harangue on parade to the effect that his authority was supreme, and if he caught anyone sloping off to the billets, etc., etc. Technically he was right—the system says, "report sick or behave as if you are well".

The lunch hour was often amusing and interesting. There was a literary discussion on the vexed question as to whether Hall Caine or Marie Corelli were the finer model of fiction. Hall Caine was ably supported as being "so true to life". I did not know what that might mean until it was explained to me that there was nearly always a damsel who had been "taken advantage of" in his books. But Marie Corelli's wonderful descriptions of wonderful characters in superbly wonderful situations carried the day.

Usually after lunch, round the table, we played a round game of adding letter to letter to make a word—the last letter completing a word involving a fine. Certain less literary members of the mess, such as the sergeant cook, found this game a great trial. But the sergeant-major sat like a captious Fate at the head of the table with a Woodall's Dictionary before him, and laughed and smote the table at their perplexed and frowning faces. "What *could* the word 'inue' be meant to be," said Sergeant N. (the fat cook) to himself over and over again, seeking vainly in his cook-house and field kitchen vocabulary, with a face like baffled thunder. He finally said nothing, but drew a penny from his trousers pockets with a resigned sigh. "*Inuendo*" said the clever initiator of the word triumphantly—he who had supported the naturalness of Hall Caine. But, alas! his triumph of erudition was short-lived. Somebody challenged the spelling, and said there should be three "n's". Woodall's Dictionary was resorted to (gleefully by the sergeant-major), and the litterateur had to pay a fine of 2d. The word was "*Innuendo*".

The quartermaster-lieutenant—a gent. from the ranks—used sometimes to come into the sergeant's mess on a friendly errand, and drop all ceremony with his "aitches" when he did so. He slapped his pals on the back, and told stories he could not indulge in in the officers' mess. I delighted in him, for he looked and talked exactly like Lancelot in "The Merchant of Venice", played by Nigel Playfair: being fat and having a fat smile full of fun and good humour, and a perfect voice for his part. He appealed to me as being

as near perfection as possible within right and proper limits. All the men loved him.

He asked me what I thought I was. I replied (a little nervous among so many adversaries sharp of tongue) that I described myself as "holding a temporary non-commission". This pleased him. After I had ventured to put a case for the New Army, one man said: "You—you're one of them Piccadilly Privates joined to 'elp the army out of a 'ole".

But the sergeant-major, with his musician's brow, his deep dark eyes, his wrath and childishness, seemed to me to have survived in mind even an army training. The fact that he scented me as a foe and spoke ironically as a rule meant something, because I was very acquiescent, or meant to be. I discovered later that he was a great player of the oboe, and his avowed intention was to join an orchestra after he had finished his service.

After five days of abusing Kitchener's Army, and trying to get rises out of me, a Nemesis befell them. They were ordered to hand over the hospital to an incoming Canadian unit.

An advance party of Canadians arrived with eight dogs and two pussy cats, and began unloading miscellaneous lumber out of their lorries. The two prim pet rabbits of the regulars had to be rescued out of the jaws of Colonial misrule. A very fat Canadian staff-sergeant joined the mess, and I was very frightened of him at first, he looked so phlegmatic and efficient; but he was in reality neither. He was equally opposed to Army nurses, especially as Canadian sisters had recently been granted a lieutenant's star. The whole mess joined in condemning this, and lesser differences were sunk. The fact that nursing sisters might now have to be *saluted* filled all present with resentment.

The Canadian staff-sergeant described how he had publicly startled one of the sisters of his unit out of her wits by drawing all her orderlies up to the salute with a roar of "Shun" in her ears when she entered the ward with a tray, and an exaggerated malicious salute from all.

Everyone at table laughed at this, and all agreed that the thing was monstrous. I listened, rather puzzled, and finally said innocently:

"I don't *really* see the grounds of your complaint".

The Canadian turned on me more in sorrow than in anger.

"Why", said he, "let these gawd-dam sisters keep to their own ranks and have their own promotions, and leave men's ranks to men".

The Canadian bore me no ill-will, but ambled off to see after the unloading of his lorries. He had looked smilingly round on the mess, and said: "I'm expecting my circus round presently—I'm the whipman".

He was a very lenient whipman. His men lounged about the wards playing poker. The sergeant-major and the other regulars were horrified, and did not know whether to laugh or not at such outrages on their profession.

"We wouldn't know where we were if we hadn't our dog fight in the morning", said the Canadian, with a grin, nearly falling over a pet dog with a pink ribbon round its neck, "but we're thinking of putting our foot down".

A Canadian officer entered and stood a long while, much interested in one of the games of poker. Meanwhile the spotless wards were filling up with palms and aspidistras in pots, base balls and tennis racquets, beds, blankets, stretchers and other things . . .

Quite a tragedy for the regulars.

THE MAN ENGLAND NEEDS.

By GEORGE A. B. DEWAR.

NOW when patriotic thought is directed so often to the question of some form of strong-man rule for this country during the war, it is worth turning to Lord Brougham and William Hazlitt, and examining their view of the elder Pitt—most splendid and commanding figure in parliamentary history. Both writers

were strong Liberals, who would naturally prefer the doctrines of Fox and Burke to the arrogant imperialism of Chatham. Hazlitt as journalist was a bitter partisan. He could not contain his spleen and savagery when he came to survey the younger Pitt of his own time: yet Hazlitt, equally with Brougham, freely recognised the immense driving force and fervour of Chatham, and the pure patriotism that inspired him. In Brougham's sketches of British statesmen there is a description of Chatham's services as a despotic War Minister in a great emergency, which is singularly apposite now. What Horace Walpole called "the doings of Mr. Pitt . . . wondrous in our eyes" were fully acknowledged by Brougham. Everyone knows how, when the elder Pitt took the reins, England was near her nadir, and how he raised her near her zenith. How he found her beaten, degraded, despairing in 1757: how he raised her in less than two years, by the magic of will force and boldness, to the head of the world. The lesson we learn clearly from his life is that in war crises the rule of a single master-mind and will at home, even a purely civilian rule, may save a nation from ruin, and restore success and glory to its arms abroad. A civilian Chatham may be in war as triumphant as a military Cromwell or Clive. Brougham illustrates this in these two passages:

"As soon as Mr. Pitt took the helm, the steadiness of the hand that held it was instantly felt in every motion of the vessel. There was no more of wavering counsels, of torpid inaction, of listless expectancy, of abject despondency. His firmness gave confidence, his spirit roused courage, his vigilance secured exertion, in every department under his sway. Each man, from the first Lord of the Admiralty down to the most humble clerk in the Victualling Office—each soldier, from the Commander-in-Chief to the most obscure contractor or commissary—now felt assured that he was acting or was indolent under the eye of one who knew his duties and his means as well as his own, and who would very certainly make all defaulters, whether through misfeasance or through nonfeasance, accountable for whatever detriment the commonwealth might sustain at their hands. Over his immediate coadjutors his influence swiftly obtained an ascendant which it ever after retained uninterrupted. Upon his first proposition for changing the conduct of the war he stood singly among his colleagues, and tendered his resignation should they persist in their dissent."

"The effects of this change in the whole management of the public business, and in all the plans of the Government, as well as in their execution, were speedily made manifest to the world. The German troops were sent home, and a well-regulated militia being established to defend the country, a large disposable force was distributed over the various positions whence the enemy might be annoyed. France, attacked on some points and menaced on others, was compelled to retire from Germany, soon afterwards suffered the most disastrous defeats, and, instead of threatening England and her Allies with invasion, had to defend herself against attack, suffering severely in several of her most important naval stations. No less than sixteen islands, and settlements, and fortresses of importance, were taken from her in America, and Asia, and Africa, including all her West Indian colonies, except St. Domingo, and all her settlements in the East. The whole important province of Canada was likewise conquered, and the Havannah was taken from Spain. Besides this, the seas were swept clear of the fleets that had so lately been insulting our colonies, and even our coasts. Many general actions were fought and gained, one among them the most decisive that had ever been fought by our Navy. Thirty-six sail of the line were taken or destroyed; fifty frigates; forty-five sloops of war. So brilliant a course of uninterrupted success had never, in modern times, attended the arms of any nation carrying on war with other states equal to it in civilisation, and nearly a match in power. But it is a more glorious feature in this unexampled administration which history has to record;

when it adds, that all public distress had disappeared; that all discontent in any quarter, both of the colonies and parent state had ceased; that no oppression was anywhere practised, no abuse suffered to prevail; that no encroachments were made on the rights of the subject, no malversation tolerated in the possessors of power; and that England, for the first time and for the last time, presented the astonishing picture of a nation supporting without murmur a widely extended and costly war, and a people, hitherto torn with conflicting parties, so united in the service of the commonwealth that the voice of faction had ceased in the land, and any discordant whisper was heard no more."

Such testimony to the value of a dictator in war is particularly valuable coming from such a strong Liberal as Brougham. But Hazlitt is quite as enthusiastic over "the Great Commoner" as Brougham, though he surveys him chiefly as an orator.

"Lord Chatham's genius burnt brightest at the last. The spark of liberty, which had lain concealed and dormant, buried under the dirt and rubbish of state intrigue and vulgar faction, now met with congenial matter, and kindled up 'a flame of sacred vehemence' in his breast. It burst forth with a fury and a splendour that might have awed the world and made kings tremble. He spoke as a man should speak, because he felt as a man should feel, in such circumstances. He came forward as the advocate of liberty, as the defender of the rights of his fellow-citizens, as the enemy of tyranny, as the friend of his country and of mankind. He did not stand up to make a vain display of his talents, but to discharge a duty, to maintain that cause which lay nearest to his heart, to preserve the ark of the British constitution from every sacrilegious touch, as the high-priest of his calling, with a pious zeal. The feelings and the rights of Englishmen were enshrined in his heart; and with their united force braced every nerve, possessed every faculty, and communicated warmth and vital energy to every part of his being. The whole man moved under this impulse. He felt the cause of liberty his own. He resented every injury done to her as an injury to himself, and every attempt to defend it as an insult upon his understanding. He did not stay to dispute about words, about nice distinctions, about trifling forms. He laughed at the little attempts of little retailers of logic to entangle him in senseless argument. He did not come there as to a debating club, or law court, to start questions and hunt them down; to wind and unwind the web of sophistry; to pick out the threads, and untie every knot with scrupulous exactness; to bandy logic with every pretender to a paradox; to examine, to sift evidence; to dissect a doubt and halve a scruple; to weigh folly and knavery in scales together, and see on which side the balance preponderated; to prove that liberty, truth, virtue and justice were good things, or that slavery and corruption were bad things. He did not try to prove those truths which did not require any proof, but to make others feel them with the same force that he did; and to tear off the flimsy disguises with which the sycophants of power attempted to cover them. The business of an orator is not to convince, but persuade; not to inform, but rouse the mind. . . . There is nothing new or curious or profound in Lord Chatham's speeches. All is obvious and common; there is nothing but what we already knew, or might have found out for ourselves. We see nothing but the familiar everyday face of nature. We are always in broad daylight. . . . His commonsense has the effect of inspiration. He electrifies his hearers, not by the novelty of his ideas, but by their force and intensity. He has the same ideas as other men, but he has them in a thousand times greater clearness and strength and vividness. . . . In the mind of Chatham the great substantial truths of common sense, the leading maxims of the Constitution, the real interests and general feelings of mankind were in a manner embodied. He comprehended the whole of his subject at a single glance: everything was firmly riveted to its place; there was no feebleness, no forgetfulness, no pause, no distraction; the ardour of his mind overcame every

obstacle, and he crushed the objections of his adversaries as we crush an insect under our feet. His imagination was of the same character with his understanding and was under the same guidance. Whenever he gave way to it, it 'flew an eagle flight, forth and right on'; but it did not become enamoured of its own emotions, wantoning in giddy circles, or 'sailing with supreme dominion through the azure deep of air'. It never forgot its errand, but went straight forward, like an arrow to its mark, with an unerring aim."

"An eagle flight, forth and right on"—who but a few avid partisans resolved to give away nothing of their pre-war fare would deny that this is the course the country ought to keep to-day? If we are to end with a muddled "draw", we shall go on with a policy of Expediency, with tentative half measures—we shall go on nibbling at thoroughness like terrified mice at a cheese. We shall continue in a course of conscientious objecting, of showing the whites of our eyes at the bare mention of a "reprisal" against our "brother man" the German; we shall return, like a sick dog, to our vomit, and cant anew about the "pride and glory" of the "Voluntary system, Sir". We shall play the game that Morant and Reventlow and every friend of Germany longs for us to play. And we shall end, I am dead certain, in such a case, by going down into the black Pit of despair Germany is digging for us.

But if we are really to win the war, if we are to play a great part in the settlement after the war, we shall have to cultivate, instead, the sublime spirit of the elder Pitt; and we shall have to set up and obey some form of despotism at least as absolute as his.

"THE BOATSWAIN'S MATE."

By JOHN F. RUNCIMAN.

IF the operatic enterprise of Messrs. Courtneidge and Beecham moves us to overflow with admiration for their resource and pluck, the peculiar shape the enterprise has taken of late fills one with bewilderment not unminged with dismay. In the beginning they made no rash promises with regard to the production of native operas. They undertook to give the public opera in English, not English operas. That was a wise policy. Experience has shown that it is hard to induce the public to attend opera at all, and harder still to persuade or coerce it into listening to an English opera; and to attempt the two tasks simultaneously would have been to invite immediate disaster. All save those with axes of their own to grind were quite content to get on with what was offered at the Shaftesbury, and to await patiently the growth of a public that would ask for work from our musicians. Then with startling suddenness the two impresarios announced two brand-new English works, and their choice makes me wonder much. We know one of the great difficulties the public has with native music. It is admitted to be very clever and learned (not that the public knows anything about that: a very little learning suffices); it is "dry", what many of the public persist in calling "classical"—because to them a classical thing is something dry. It must be owned that the public, however inaccurately it expresses itself, has nearly always been right. Ghastly mornings and evenings at provincial festivals still remain in my memory as witness to the degree to which our doctors and professors can desiccate music; the symphonies, rhapsodies on national airs, and the rest of favourite professorial forms of the last twenty years abide also in my memory as incarnations of barrenness and dullness. At all costs we should have kept the professor out of the opera-house, so that the younger generation might spring up without the prejudices of the elder. I had hoped the gentleman would be kept out; but, with apparent spontaneity, without any provocation, Messrs. Beecham and Courtneidge have opened their doors to him (and her); and while Holbrooke, Delius, and in fact all less old men, shivered outside, Sir Charles Stanford sat comfortably inside and saw "The Critic" pro-

duced in splendour, and now Miss Ethel Smyth has been given a fine chance with "The Boatswain's Mate". It is the deadliest blow yet struck at our hopes for an English opera.

I call it this because if at any time these ten years I had been asked to mention the two driest of English composers I would instantly have picked out Dr. Sir C. V. Stanford and Dr. Ethel Smyth. Moreover, these two represent musical "kultur" of 19th century Germany at its worst. After the uproar created by Wagner it mattered not to which part you went, the ideal was the same. Dogged hard work would effect everything. Inspiration, far from being necessary, was a hindrance and a nuisance. Good themes were an abomination: the true, well-drilled musician did not need them; for he showed his musicianship by weaving webs of music out of trite and insignificant phrases—anything would serve, and the less character it possessed the better, for then the whole glory of the result was due to the composer. But, let us note, this notion was passing even in Germany before the war: mechanically daring harmonies, new arbitrary scales, unheard-of orchestral noises—all the paraphernalia, apparatus and devices of Schönberg, Scriabine, and Stravinsky—these promised more in the way of prompt notoriety. We must never forget that for forty years the younger Germans have had but one ambition—to make money. To make money they first made themselves first-rate technical musicians; as for becoming musicians for the glory of art, they did not talk that rubbish at home: they kept it for the English and Americans. But while young men have been finding new paths to fame, Dr. Stanford and Miss Smyth remain resolutely embedded in the year 1880. What was comparatively new in Leipzig in that year they now confidently offer us as new in England to-day. Are they self-deceived, or what do they take us for? What! am I to have this dreary, dull, stale, machine-cut stuff fobbed off on me as the very latest thing in the musical-dressmaking mode? There are pages on pages of "The Boatswain's Mate" which might be dated 1872. I suppose the old stuff has not lost its glamour in Miss Smyth's ears and still sounds fresh. Well, it is good to remain young; but it is a catastrophe to forget you are old. One keeps young by keeping pace with the times; to think you are young because you think of naught else than the days of your youth—this is a delusion, one of which both Sir Charles Stanford and Miss Smyth are victims.

Let me hasten to say that as an opera, "The Boatswain's Mate" is far superior to "The Critic". Miss Smyth has artistic sincerity. She honestly devotes all her ingenuity, industry and energy to producing music which she imagines is beautiful and expressive; Sir Charles, for a long time, seems to me to have only played with music, and written with his tongue in his cheek. Whereas I found it impossible to classify "The Critic", not because of the novelty of its plan, but because there is no plan, but only a muddle, Miss Smyth's work is a perfectly simple "singspiel". Not having read Mr. Jacobs's book, I don't know whether it has been well treated or maltreated, but as it stands, there is plenty of fun and some amusing farcical situations. The burlesque element makes the passage from spoken dialogue to recitative or song and back again quite easy and natural. The concerted numbers are not rammed in by main force: they occur so simply and spontaneously that one finds oneself in a duet or trio without any shock. Even the chorus of drunken labourers going home from work is not dragged in, though I don't know that it is particularly needed. So far so good. But when we come to the music itself, to the stuff which has been so deftly moulded in Miss Smyth's forms, I cannot be in the least enthusiastic. What I have said about the period to which Miss Smyth belongs is really the gist of my criticism on "The Boatswain's Mate". Dr. Smyth has a German (1880 style) horror of anything ever so indistinctly resembling a tune. When she takes one she promptly spoils it. Our national sea songs are good enough for English people as they stand: we don't want them

turned into German volkslied. Miss Smyth cannot even take a nursery rhyme, "O dear, what can the matter be?" without twisting it out of shape to show her cleverness, as though saying "Could Humperdinck himself do it better". There is not a distinctive theme from one end of the work to the other; the music is made up, so to speak, of overlapping minute lengths. A skilful ropemaker can take a million little inch-lengths of tow and spin them into something resembling a rope. That is what Miss Smyth has done: she is a clever ropemaker. But the stuff only looks good: listen to it, and it sounds, if not bad, broken, disjointed. It frets the ear: one would give anything for one sweeping melody in place of these interminable twiddles on the flute, little wails on the oboe, those meaningless snorts of the brass. The worst of spinning music in this fashion is the resulting monotony. Any dozen of Miss Smyth's pages might be exchanged for any other dozen without any listener being a penny the better, worse, or wiser. Musically, the first act contains by far the nearest approach to genuine music. Mrs. Waters's songs in the deepening twilight are touched with beauty here and there. Here the note is sadness, almost world-weariness. I protest against the curtain tunes. A hundred students could write a better 18th-century minuet than the first; and, as for the second, it touches the acme of acrid ugliness. The whole opera is good fun, entirely owing to the story. Why anyone should be expected to laugh because when a policeman knocks at the door the orchestra thunders out the opening phrase of the Fifth Symphony—this is a thing no one not a hopeless incurable Academic can understand.

THE OLD CLO' CULT.

By JOHN PALMER.

EVERYONE in the last twelve months has come into touch, in one form or another, with the old clo' cult—the notion that it is patriotic at this time to go about in frayed trousers and a shiny coat. According to this new standard of living, *ton* has to be measured inversely. A bulge at the knees is a passport to the highest circles; a slip of refurbishing velvet passed about the worn collar of an overcoat whose lines time and the omnibus have obliterated ranks, according to the *sartor resartus* of our day, with court dress or the appointments of a Brummel. Let all people who wish to show their loyalty and sense of the country's need, say these earnest counsellors, cling to their old clothes as long as their old clothes will agree to cling. For the white and shiny seams there is ink; for the soils of the passing months there is ammonia; and men in difficulty have been known to perform wonders upon shabby buttons with the silk covering of a discarded umbrella. By these means the appalling bad form of appearing publicly in anything new may be indefinitely postponed. This applies, of course, equally to the other sex. For women, indeed, who possess by nature infinitely more resource in the matter of making old things as good as new, anything which suggests even so much as a recent visit to Jay's, or Peter Robinson's, must be accounted in the worst of possible taste. According to the old clo' cult, shopping in these days, even at the sales, is the mark of a parvenu. The best people are at home. The men are ironing their trousers and the women are putting a thin disguise upon the faded fashions of last year.

The old clo' cult is at present in its infancy. It has not yet been systematised. Obviously it would be of great advantage to those who do not like to incur the odium of being out of the general fashion if they could be systematically catered for, in this new way of dressing, by their tailors and milliners. However much we may strive after the correct degree of dowdiness, there must come a time when it is necessary to order something new; and this means that for a few

weeks at any rate we must consent to appear branded publicly as a band-box outsider. This must be extremely painful to sensitive followers of the mode—as painful as, in the old days, it would have been for them to appear out-at-elbows or shabbily booted. Could not the period of wearing down our clothes to the requisite degree of wear and tear be suitably provided for by the tradespeople? Why should we not have an industry analogous to the manufacture of antique furniture. When it was discovered that old furniture was chic, and that new furniture was vulgar, when it became a sign of good taste to have worm-holes in the table and a lack of geometry in the side-board, there immediately arose, somewhere in Birmingham, an industry to supply furniture in the fashion. Furniture three hundred years old, with worm-holes and smoke stains and all the ancient irregularities, could shortly be supplied at a month's notice from the factory. Is not the analogy complete? Is there not, in the old clo' cult, a new field for tailors and milliners—an antique department where suits or costumes could be turned out at a week's notice with bulges, shiny seams, stains and frays—all defying the most expert critic to distinguish them from the genuinely worn article? Here, too, would be a new and unlimited field for the taste of the customer. He could wear his soils as the ladies of Sheridan's day wore their patches. The leaders of fashion would be able to exercise the nicest discrimination in setting the exact and golden mean of dowdiness. According as the word came from headquarters, we might order our tailors to make us a suit six months old or twelve months old. Or one would say: "I want an overcoat which will suggest that I have worn it continually for sixty-three weeks; and that last Saturday morning, when my little car broke down, I injudiciously had it on when I was trying to find out what was wrong with the transmission". With time one might even require one's suits, surreptitiously new, to be more or less autobiographical. New clothes hitherto have expressed the taste of their wearer. Henceforth they might be made to express his history.

But this is to anticipate. At present the conscientious believer in the old clo' cult, unless he be willing to buy clothes second-hand (a revolting idea which could never be really popular), has periodically to face the discomfort of appearing publicly in a new suit with the incidental risk of being snubbed by his more correct and shabby acquaintances. But stay: there is one practical way for the time being of avoiding this unpleasantness. Why not reverse the old relations of master and servant? The valet once had a reverent interest in his employer's wardrobe: similarly the lady's maid. Why should not the more sensitive among our leaders of fashion transpose the old arrangement? Let the valet be compelled to take his share of the wardrobe *in advance*. Let *him* be thrust into the street to incur the odium of wearing brand-new clothes. If he objects, raise his wages. Then, when the suit is judged sufficiently dilapidated to pass muster, let it be resumed by his employer.

These remarks apply, of course, only to those followers of the fashion who have become devotees of the old clo' cult. Some of us are not greatly worrying about these things just now. We are content to go on much as before the war. Never having spent excessive time or money upon fine apparel, our consciences have less easily admitted the infection of the latest craze. We look upon these troubles of the world of fashion with a certain aloofness. These little things are undoubtedly troubling some of our friends; and therefore they must needs engage our interest and sympathy. Partly one ascribes this misgiving as to new clothes to the same source as explains much of the less responsible talk concerning thrift at this time. It would seem to be a kind of reversion to mediæval asceticism. Sackcloth and ashes, translated into modern terms, appear as the old clo' cult and the down glasses campaign. Well: it is wholesome enough in so far as it rebukes the upstart spendthrifts at whom so many Government speeches have recently been levelled. But one thing, perhaps, is worth

observing. This old clo' cult and all it implies is curiously indigenous to these islands. It is not, for example, in Paris; and one cannot help thinking it would not survive for very long in London if London were equally distant with Paris from the seat of war. We should not then have the time or inclination to worry as to what we should eat, what we should drink, or wherewithal we should be clothed. We should be more bitterly concentrated upon our work in working hours and less given to searching our consciences when the work was put away. The patriotism which wears old trousers in St. James's Street would somehow or other find a more forcible vent in other directions. We should, in a word, be more natural. The old clo' cult is the self-consciousness of uneasy people who are very sensible that the war is a very terrible affair, but have not yet discovered how to express their sense of it in a reasonable way.

A COVENT GARDEN ANTHOLOGY.

THE February cuckoo—once again announced in the papers as usual—is a fable, but the February crocus is a fact, as anyone may discover for himself if he now looks on the terrace beds of the Pensioners' Hospital at Chelsea; or he may discover it in the lovely little display of earliest spring flowers which Barr's make to-day in their famous windows by Covent Garden—a true anthology. One yellow crocus may seem very much like another until one comes to look closely at the bunch of gold blossoms which spring up from each little pot in those windows, where crocus aureus is near perfection now. It approaches in richness of tint the fast-ripening orange as we see it in its millions in the Sicilian Conco d'Oro. Compactness and completeness in miniature cannot surely be brought to a finer point than they have reached in this year's show at Barr's. It is of the tiny flowers as of Sir Thomas Browne's tiny creatures—"In these little engines is more curious mathematics".

But not even this gold orange crocus is the triumph of this early flower window gardening; for side by side with the crocus stands up some four inches of a muscari—*M. azureum robustum*, which has the neatest imaginable of blossoms, deep blue at the base, pale azure at its tapering budded top, that reminds one of some delicately, intricately set gem of the jeweller's art. Here is the matchless muscari, miniature matchless! Besides, the smallest of all the daffodils, which appear to aim at microscopic beauty and design, are out and enjoying themselves even in the shade, *Narcissus minimus*, challenging an Alpine; and with it a brighter neighbour, half daffodil, half cyclamen, and wholly a thing of loveliness. The window gardener's art on this minute, curious scale—a kind of doll's house of the flowers—has learnt to anticipate the spring by six full weeks.

CORRESPONDENCE.

FROM SOUTH AMERICA.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Pernambuco, 22 January 1916.

SIR,—A line to send you my hearty congratulations on your Compulsory efforts. Your predictions have all proved true, and you have the satisfaction of knowing that the SATURDAY foresaw everything at the start, and was not one of the wiseacres who fell into line when it was self-evident to the man in the street. You are in the happy position of having made a great journalistic score—is that the term?—in addition to which you have done a great patriotic duty.

I hope in the calmer days to come, for which we all long, when the sailors and the soldiers have reaped their rewards, that a grateful country will remember the plodding efforts of one weekly paper.

Yours, etc.,
H. C.

HALF-MEASURES AND WHOLE-MEASURES.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

The Sports Club, St. James's Square, S.W.,
9 February 1916.

SIR,—From one or two comments that have reached me it appears that certain people regard my last letter to you as betraying a certain amount of affection for our murderous and unscrupulous foe. Need I say, once for all, that the very reverse is the case. I am a patriot of the patriots, but all my love for England and all my hatred of the Germans combined cannot blind my understanding to the regrettable fact that, so far as the business of war is concerned, they are far better at its prosecution than we are. I regard Kultur as a magnificent instrument; their handling of that instrument as a foul abuse; but that does not alter the fact that as an instrument for the prosecution of a great war it is well-nigh perfect. How far it would go towards the building up of the character of a nation is a very different matter—so far, that is, as the loftier things of the immortal soul of man are concerned. What we have to realise at the immediate moment is, however, that war is fought not by armies and navies only, but by statesmen and thinkers far away from the theatre of war itself, and, in England, at all events, it is the statesmen, or, rather, the politicians, and the humorously so-termed thinkers who, by their crass stupidity and utter lack of vision and foresight, are leading the country blindfold to disaster.

This is a war of character, urges the optimist, and the finest character will come out top in the end. Look at Nelson and Wellington; they always come out right. Yes; but neither Nelson nor Wellington was tied up to a telegraph wire with a timid old woman at the other end. Do you suppose that any supplies would ever have got into Germany through Nelson's blockade? And as to character, it will not be its quality for fineness so much that will win the war as its practical qualities of ruthlessness and hard common sense, and just at present Germany is a long way ahead of us in any of the qualities that make for and inevitably secure success in such a crisis as the present.

What I find so rare at the moment is clear vision and the ability to think straight on these matters. The optimist confuses issues and possibilities so hopelessly. In January last year, for instance, Colonel F. N. Maude told me in so many words that the war would be over probably in February, certainly in March. But it wasn't. And only this very morning a light-hearted optimist in the club from which I write thus hailed me: "Well, you Dismal Jemmy, what do you think now? Aren't we doing splendidly? We've got 'em on the run at last, and I tell you, my boy, we'll hang that old Kaiser and crush those infernal Germans into powder before this very August as ever is—eh, what?"

Yes, it is "eh, what"; but I don't think it's any more than that. And the unthinking optimism of so many good people here in England to-day foreshadows Germany's triumph far more effectually, and is immeasurably more dangerous and really unpatriotic than the sombre fears of so-called pessimists and "Dismal Jemmies" like myself. So far as I am concerned, the general present attitude, and, above all, our habit and trend of thought, is simply heading us for destruction. Take, for instance, this one single detail—our unpreparedness for the German air-fleets. What is to hinder Germany one bright noonday sending over a vast fleet of three or four hundred airships and aeroplanes? At their leisure and totally fearless of cannon which apparently can never touch them, they would brood like a mighty thundercloud over this glorious London of ours, while with their bombs they could lay it level with the ground. And what can, at present at all events, hinder them from carrying out such a campaign of destruction until practically every great city in England and every memorial of our magnificent and historic past is for ever obliterated from human view? I am no expert in military matters, but, like Rosa Dattle, I only ask for information. I know, at all events, that these are practically the views of an accomplished and experienced expert such as Mr.

Pemberton-Billing. But it is owing to our lack of a disciplinary system of education and habit of thought such as that with which Germany has armed and prepared her people that we lie exposed to all the winds of Heaven that blow.

It is, of course, far too late for us to inaugurate a system of Kultur which shall win for us the war, but surely we may yet take a leaf out of the Germans' book of common sense and relentless prosecution of the war to its utmost limits. If we are not to go under, we must abandon all our old traditions; we must for once dispense with "good form", and the dear old Public School spirit; we must cease to handle Germany as though she were a playful, albeit a somewhat spiteful, kitten; we must realise that she is a gigantic tigress, with her claws at our throat tearing the very vitals out of us, and we must treat her exactly as we would treat the tigress. No half-measures are possible; it is her life or ours; and it is now or never.

All this is so obvious that I am almost ashamed to write it, nor would I have done so but that there is so much hopeless misunderstanding and wrong thinking and misapplied action going about.

Nothing can save us but the policy of relentless, tireless prosecution of the war in the most thorough and—for under the circumstances it is absolutely justifiable—the most unscrupulous fashion possible. We are fighting an assassin, and if the use of the assassin's dagger will win us the war, then in the name of common sense let us drive it into his breast or even into his back at the very earliest opportunity.

Yours, etc.,

RAYMOND BLATHWAYT.

TRUST THE PEOPLE.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—I remember well in 1906 or 1907, when the Regular Army was reduced by a considerable number of battalions, etc., in order to find funds to form the Territorial Army out of the very excellent, individually, but completely unorganised, Volunteers, the German Military Attaché saying to me that they (the Germans) considered it such a wise measure, as with our Fleet we could never need a large Regular Army, only requiring a sufficient number of such troops to police the Empire; it being the Kaiser's firm resolve to keep the peace of the world with his army, aided in his righteous purposes by the unconquerable Navy of Great Britain; which, by the way, he made an insidious attempt to reduce by his private letter to Lord Tweedmouth, then First Lord of the Admiralty, in 1908, in which he insulted Lord Esher, because he had truly said, with remarkable prescience, that the Kaiser would gladly welcome the retirement of Lord Fisher, and the consequent lessening of the efficiency of the British Fleet.

The organisation of the Territorial Army must ever be regarded as a work of the greatest national importance, as has been shown in the war; and the credit for this is due entirely to Lord Haldane and his Army Council. The reduction of the Regular Army was, as matters have turned out, deplorable, but who then of our nation, except the very few who saw through the treacherous designs of the War Lord, believed in the possibility of such an awful crime as a great war between the civilised nations of the earth, or thought it in the power of any man to ignite a world conflagration and spread suffering, sorrow and ruin, such as had never before been known?

When Lord Haldane returned from his mission to Berlin in 1912 there is no doubt that he warned the late Government as to Germany's vast preparations for war, and it is equally certain that he would not then have proposed the reductions of the Regular Army carried out earlier. It appears that the then Government either did not believe Lord Haldane, or else that they preferred, as was their wont, to "wait and see" and let the awful storm burst upon us without making any preparation to meet it. Their acting vigorously would not have alarmed the people, the

fear of which can have been the only reason for their silence on the subject: the nation is not made that way; nothing alarms Britons, outside Parliament, but the people like to be trusted. Mr. Gladstone once said: "We Liberals trust the people and do not fear them; the Tories fear the people and do not trust them". There may formerly have been some grounds for this assertion!

Your obedient servant,

ALFRED E. TURNER.

MR. ARNOLD BENNETT AND HIS FRIENDS.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

7 February 1916.

SIR,—In the rapid passage into law of the Military Service Bill those responsible for the policy of the Voluntaryist Press are making their first acquaintance with the hand of Nemesis.

With a persistency the doggedness of which has only been equalled by its amazing blindness, they have diligently occupied themselves right up to the launching of the Derby scheme in that which, directly or indirectly, was making the early advent of some measure of Compulsion inevitable. Innumerable warnings that such must be the result of so infatuated a policy have fallen upon deaf ears. In leading article and special contribution, in ruthlessly pruned report and jealously guarded correspondence column, they have pleaded the undesirability of any considerable increase of the Army, the all-sufficiency of the Navy, the utter impracticability of sparing more men from our export industries. These and a hundred minor effort-paralysing arguments were repeated *ad nauseam* by the champions of Voluntarism until the very opening of the last great recruiting campaign. Then a change of front, too startling in its grotesque suddenness to be more than spasmodically maintained, was attempted; and we had in the "Daily News" the strange spectacle of its editor in his week-end articles, and Mr. Arnold Bennett and other contributors in their mid-weekly articles, sedulously engaged in directing alternating streams of oil and water upon the recruiting flame! Not unnaturally, the oil, surreptitiously borrowed from Compulsionist cisterns, did not flow very effectually from Mr. Gardiner's unaccustomed hand, and the cold douche ultimately prevailed.

Do these people, one wonders, even yet begin to realise that the worst enemies of the Voluntary system have been, and still are, its professed advocates?—that if they had rated our own feats of arms a little lower, and those of the enemy a little higher; if they had dwelt less upon civic freedom and more upon civic responsibility; if, in a word, they had only had the grace to imitate the patriotic action of those Compulsionists on principle who, to their unbounded credit be it said, have fought the main battle of Voluntarism from first to last, they might not have had to lament, as they are lamenting to-day, the placing upon the Statute Book of a definite measure of that which they abhor?

If they do not realise these things, if they are still complacently cherishing the delusion that they, at least, have left no stone unturned in furtherance of the interests of Voluntarism, one may almost be pardoned for indulging the hope that, for a time, the hand of Nemesis may tighten rather than relax its grasp upon all who have displayed such amazing ignorance of the psychology of their fellow-countrymen.

Yours faithfully,

REALIST.

THE STARRING SCANDAL.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Army and Navy Club,

7 February 1916.

SIR,—In your issue of 5 February 1916 you state (on page 122): "Meanwhile the non-release of men in several Government Departments is becoming very serious. Is it a fact that in various branches of the

Insurance Act administration alone there are far more than a thousand men of serviceable age thus withheld? If so, something should be done when Parliament meets."

I hope so, and also hope that something will be similarly done with regard to farm places. I had the honour of being asked to sit on an "Advisory Committee". Having agreed to do so, I obtained from some thirty farmers knowledge as to the acreage each had under cultivation, the number of men they employed, and of those the number who were *bonâ-fide* ploughmen, and the number of pairs of horses they ploughed with. I thus obtained the average fraction of a ploughman necessary per acre and the same for pairs of horses, so that the committee, knowing the acreage under cultivation of any farm, could at once determine the least number of ploughmen required during this great war to run that farm.

I attended several meetings, and found that, rightly or wrongly, our committee considered the instructions to be that any man proved on the word of a farmer to be a ploughman, shepherd, horse man, etc., etc., down to milkman, was sacred. In short, all we could do with such a one was to write after his name "starred", and leave him at his civil employment. We could not say to the farmer, "You have seven ploughmen and only four pairs of horses; we must take three ploughmen for the Army", nor "You have so many score of sheep, and so many more shepherds than is absolutely necessary", nor "You must employ a milkmaid". In fact, the only conclusion we could come to was: "Every possible employment on every farm is a 'starred' one—and therefore this Military Service Act simply compels the cession of recruiting in farms!"

This I did not consider fair, either to those patriotic farmers who were running their farms with men too old or too young, or unfit for service, or with women; nor fair to the men in the trenches or to the nation. I therefore requested our most courteous chairman to take my name off the committee.

To wind up, I may tell you that a farmer, who a few evenings ago came to me for advice, told me of a farm near where he lived which had on it seven men declared to be ploughmen (and therefore "starred") and only four pairs of horses! Again, a cottager on a farm place, a friend of mine, informed me that two men on the farm, who had put opposite their names on the register "farm labourer", were going to ask me (then going round with the blue cards) to alter that entry, which "had been made through mistake", to "ploughman". "For", my informant continued, "they've heard that ploughmen are to be 'starred', and", he added, "they are no more ploughmen than you are".

DUDLEY BUCKLE, Lieut.-Colonel (retired).

THE QUALITIES OF KULTUR.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

The Athenæum, Pall Mall, S.W.

SIR,—It is singular in what different ways the same object strikes different minds. Your correspondent, Mr. Raymond Blathwayt, says that he "detests the Germans", yet admires the "efficiency", "marvellous self-devotion", "capacity for economy and accomplishment", "clear flame of patriotism", "wonderful faculty for vision and ability to prepare", "magnificence of outlook", ruthless and unrelenting energy, which are the ingredients of their "Kultur". "Kultur" is, he says, the "apotheosis of common sense".

Sir Alfred Turner, on the other hand, can only see that the Kaiser is "the most ruthless, bloodthirsty monster that ever disgraced civilisation"; that "the Huns are the incarnation of all that is brutish, bestial and cruel"; that "never, since the world began, have there been such bloody atrocities committed by an army as those perpetrated by the German soldiers and sailors", etc., etc. Sir Alfred Turner is either blinded by passion or knows nothing whatever of history, or both.

I agree with Mr. Blathwayt. It is far better to acknowledge and to respect, and even imitate, the masculine virtues of our German foe than to indulge in feminine shriekings about his wickedness. We are fighting, I trust, not for "democratic ideals", or other watery sentimentalities, but in defence of our Empire, gained by a long series of wars against Spanish, Dutch, French, and native princes, and now threatened by a most formidable rival, the more formidable because he is so near akin to ourselves. The SATURDAY REVIEW, in a very remarkable article dated 11 September 1897 (which I wish you would reprint), predicted this war between England and Germany as a certainty determined by world rivalry then already existing, and said that the Germans were the more dangerous because they were "blood of our blood and bone of our bone". They are, indeed, fundamentally of our race, but hardened and trained by a harder and more exacting history.

Yours, etc.,
BERNARD HOLLAND.

LIEUTENANT OXLAND.*

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—It may interest you to hear about the manner of Lieut. Oxland's death. A private in his company tells me that he—the private—was wounded early in the attack. Lieut. Oxland attended to him, and then the captain was shot. Lieut. Oxland went to his rescue, and in doing so was shot through the head and died almost immediately.

Yours sincerely,
A.

RUSSIAN PRISONERS: AN APPEAL.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Guildenburgh Hall, Northampton,

6 February 1916.

DEAR SIR,—In the hope that I am not committing an impropriety, I crave for the publicity of this appeal on behalf of nine Russian prisoners-of-war in Germany, respectively interned at Münster, Alten Grabow, Bruchsel, Nemhammer, Altdamm, Schneidemühl, and similar camps.

During the course of my fund work, which is confined to British prisoners, I have found it the best and most feasible plan for private individuals to undertake the regular assistance of one or more of the prisoners, whose appeals reach me constantly. I have placed most of the cases in this way among my friends and kindly helpers, but I have still these nine men on my hands. By the private aiding of single prisoners I refer to, each respective case is properly looked after. The requirements per man are not alarming. A six-shilling parcel of food per week (it takes three weeks for parcels to reach them, and thus weekly gifts are needed), a little tobacco, and a few shillings sent by money order now and then. Other acceptable gifts are an old, warm dressing-gown, a blanket, a set of warm underclothing, including one change, knitted socks, and clogs—as leather is at a premium in Germany and not allowed to pass in by the Allies—all these would sustain some unfortunate starving in despair and innocent captivity.

The Russian prisoners are especially hard hit. They have no Government allowance of 5s. per week like the British; they are cut off from their people by the engagements between Russia and Germany, and their number is too large, for all the heroic help given to them, to ensure individuals from need.

Surely some good souls are to be found to take this anxiety of nine hungry Russians from my, alas! ever-filling lists of names, which it is impossible for me to cope with alone besides my regular work for the British interned.

I shall be only too glad to give all particulars, the addresses of the men, the best method of packing, and the selection of food, in answer to any kind enquiries which may reach me. All the big stores have now become experts in these matters, and it is all to be done by an order, though

* An article on this gallant young officer and poet appeared in the SATURDAY REVIEW of 29 January.

it is as well to know what to choose, as I have heard much of mouldy cake and uneatable bread and biscuits flavoured with cheese and tobacco. Coffee, too, is not enthusiastically received, as it seems to be the staple beverage, though of a very poor kind.

Yours faithfully,
REGINA MIRIAM BLOCH.

THE DEAD POETS OF THE WAR AND THE LIVING STATESMEN.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

14, Coppice Drive, Harrogate,
2 February 1916.

SIR,—Your notice of Lieut. Oxland suggests the anti-thesis I have written as the heading of this letter.

The soul of a people is in the soul of its poets. Those of us who so believe are grateful when in these days a kindly journal leads us into the heritage which is ours from pens whose course the war has stayed all too suddenly.

There is this outstanding characteristic in the verses of poets killed in the war, so far as I have happened upon them, that they speak in the spirit of England rather than in the spirit of English literature critically understood. The distinction marks the essential difference there is between the inspiration of a "How-to-win-the-war" policy and its opposite. The former is void of the danger of domestic predilections, policies, and considerations coming into conflict with its greater and universal end.

Brooke, Grenfell, Oxland, and some others were inspired by the present hour. The strength of form, the simplicity of theme, and the virility of conception in their poetry bespeak a touch upon the psychological pulse of the national ideal proper to us, which is firmer and truer than that which prevails generally in either of the two directing departments of our national thought, our statesmanship and our higher journalism. They wrote in the frame of mind which alone can bring victory.

Their message is as plain as their perception of its constraint upon themselves. We want more of England and less of the dilute English spirit in all that is the expression of ourselves. 'Tis still the musicians who know.

The command of the dead, of all those 128,000, no less than of the scanty band of singers, is more imperious than any sophisticated ideal of national policy so-called. Could not the men among our statesmen find an odd half-hour in which to read an anthology of these poet-seers to the Academy of the Twenty-and-two, and, if need be, to make such comments and give such exegesis as would leave them with the vision of England in their minds?

Yours faithfully,
H. L. HAYNES.

GERMANS IN OFFICE AT KEW GARDENS.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

94, Boundary Road, N.W.

SIR,—When the large Government grant was given to Kew Gardens was it contemplated that one or more of the most highly paid posts should be allotted to Germans? I found this to be the case when I went there to consult the authorities on a technical point some little time before the war. Stray officials also spoke of large emoluments being given to German orchid hunters in Java and Brazil. One would like to hear the opinion on this of eminent botanists and horticulturists of British birth. I have no quarrel with those who are imposing entrance fees on nursery maids and their charges, the chief visitors to the Gardens in winter, but a wiser economy might be on the salary of any alien still in receipt of it or who may be having it held over for him on his possible release from internment.

Yours, etc.,
C. SUTCLIFFE MARRIOTT.

A QUESTION OF STYLE.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

17 January 1916.

SIR,—As Mr. Runciman has disagreed with my interpretation of the word "inevitable" applied to style, and as I

attach a great deal of importance to exact meaning in the vocabulary of criticism, I must ask a few lines of your space in which to express myself more clearly.

I said that Goethe's style had no magic, but that nevertheless it might be described as "inevitable". I exemplified the meaning I attached to the word "magic" by the famous lines of Keats's "Nightingale":

... Magic casements opening on the foam
Of perilous seas in faëry lands forlorn.

I had in my mind Arnold's quotation of this as an instance of what he called "natural magic" or "the Celtic note". Here the poet interprets Nature by the help of something outside Nature, and we feel an influence that is almost uncanny and certainly beyond the definition of normal sense. But the classical power of style, which I conceive Goethe to have had at his disposal, works in a normal human way with concrete material and transforms it by force of character or by the fineness of a temper which is of the same stuff as our normal tempers, but keener and stronger. Poetry of this order seems to us "inevitable" because it clothes itself in an expression which is perfectly adapted to its purpose. The opening of "Paradise Lost", I claim, is written in an "inevitable" style, but I cannot find in it any trace of Keats's inexplicable magic.

I confess myself a fool in the judgment of music, but perhaps it will make my meaning clearer if I say that I find "magic" in Chopin, but not in Beethoven, the composer with whom I should most willingly compare Goethe. Fool as I am, I must exclaim against Mr. Runciman's comparison of Goethe with Tchaikovsky, who seems to me more closely to have resembled Byron. The style of these was not "inevitable" in any sense, because each thought more of the immediate effect on the audience than of the exact expression of his thoughts. Therefore in Byron, as in Tchaikovsky, "we are conscious of effort and of something unachieved".

In the best of Goethe we are conscious that what was to be achieved has been perfectly achieved, and I contend that the classical style is inevitable, but does not defy analysis. The magic of Keats is inexplicable, and I will not attempt its explanation.

Yours faithfully,
EDWARD SHANKS.

ZEPPELINS ANTICIPATED.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

31 January 1916.

SIR,—The idea of aviation for military purposes appears to date from as far back as 1812, when the dropping of bombs from a winged balloon on the Grande Armée was attempted by the Russians.

In "La Campagne de Russie", published in 1824, Général Comte Philippe de Ségur (aide-de-camp to Napoleon) writes:—

"... non loin de Moscou, et par l'ordre d'Alexandre, on faisait diriger, par un artificier allemand, la construction d'un ballon monstreux. La première destination de cet aérostat ailé avait été de planer sur l'armée française, d'y choisir son chef, et de l'écraser par une pluie de fer et de feu: on en fit plusieurs essais qui échouèrent, les ressorts des ailes s'étant toujours brisés."

It is curious that the Chief Constructor should have been a German.

Yours obediently,
W.

LIONS AND ASSES.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

15, Elmwood Gardens,
Acton Hill, London, W.,

31 January 1916.

SIR,—Your correspondents who use the names *lion* and *ass* symbolically assume that the lion is the more noble creature. But the most notable rise in the animal world, through evolution, is in the brain: and the lion, compared with the ass, is in that respect a failure, being nearly as stupid as a kangaroo. Such is the conclusion to be drawn

from attempts to make the lion understand what he is wanted to do in performances, in which he shows himself to be much more dull than the bear. The ass, though of less intelligence than the elephant or the monkey, and much more so of that amazingly acute animal, the sealion, is on the level of the horse, which the traveller in tropical South Africa, Francis Galton, maintains in his book, 1853, page 440, to be infinitely less sagacious than the ox.

Yours sincerely,

FRANCIS RAM.

"ORGULOUS" OR "ORGILLOUS"?

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

6 February 1916.

SIR,—I always take careful note of any special word used in the SATURDAY REVIEW. This week, in your first leader, you say "orgulous fleet". My dictionaries all give "orgillous", and Ogilvie's "Imperial Dictionary" gives "orgulous", but says see "orgillous", and in the definition quotes Shakespeare as saying "Princes orgillous". You have evidently used the less frequent form.

Yours truly,

A. W. KING.

[It is immaterial whether "orgulous" or "orgillous". The archaic form "orgueil" was used by Southey.—Ed. "S. R."]

M. RAEMAEEKERS' WORK.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

30 January 1916.

SIR,—Anyone who has been to see the Dutch cartoons in Bond Street recently must probably have heard some such remark as the following: "Being the work of a *neutral* makes the exhibition so much more striking, doesn't it?" But, sir, is it possible, at this crisis in the world's history, to find such an anomaly as "a *neutral*"? Certainly the characteristics of neutrality are not to be found in M. Louis Raemaekers' work, for if ever an artist had the courage of his opinions it is he, and he has nobly served the Allies by his fearless championship of their cause in exposing so relentlessly the swift degradation that the inhuman and brutalising gospel of "might is right" has brought upon the German nation.

Well may he depict devils gloating over the "Holy" war and swine trampling innocence underfoot. Truly his work, in spite of all its terrible and pitiless realism, asserts with overwhelming force the great fact that this war is a conflict between the spiritual forces of good and evil; and in that gigantic struggle who can stand on one side and claim to be neutral?

Nations and States may be able to stand apart from the actual clash of steel, but the crimes that seem almost to blur God's image to our despairing eyes and the deeds that cry aloud to Him for vengeance—the burning homestead and the ravished hearth—these can leave no individual an excuse for "neutrality"; indeed, we may even believe that God Himself is no neutral: "If the Lord Himself had not been on our side when men rose up against us, they had swallowed us up quick."

It is to be regretted that this unique collection of drawings should be dispersed and bought by private individuals, forming as it does such a presentment of "frightfulness" as must for ever condemn those who in this terrible conflict have set out to destroy and subdue the freedom of soul of the whole world.

"... Hogs

That brawl for freedom in their senseless mood,
And still revolt when truth would set them free;
Licence they mean when they cry Liberty;
For who loves that must first be wise and good,
But from that mark how far they rove we see
For all this waste of wealth and loss of blood."

Yours faithfully,

BEATRICE M. BELLIN.

REVIEWS.

A BOOK OF MEMORIES.

"In Slums and Society." By James Adderley. Fisher Unwin. 6s.

[Published this week.]

THIS is not a book to be stiffly appraised. No critical doctrine or literary purpose will be served by attempting to force it into the position of silent chorus to a reviewer's thesis. It is hardly a case for formal reviewing at all. One does not desire to "review" the after-dinner conversation of a good companion, and that precisely is what these pages of Canon Adderley amount to. Canon Adderley has lived a full life, has met many interesting people, and heard many excellent stories. Under the broad headings of ecclesiastical, dramatic and literary, he has here thrown together a few memories in the most confidential and disarming way. It would be bad manners to quarrel seriously with opinions imparted, as it were, in confidence, or to quarrel with the fashion in which they are expressed.

It would in any case be quite unnecessary, even in the most solemn of reviews, to quarrel with Canon Adderley's manner. We may pleasantly disagree with his estimates of one or two people and movements—with that organised humbug which the War has shown up, Fabian socialism, for example, and some of its professors—but we can only admire the ability of Canon Adderley to render us the spirit and essence of good conversation in print. This book has the elasticity and ease of good talk. It is not incoherent, nor is it systematic. It advances; and the wit, when it comes, comes on the sudden turn. This book is the next best thing to hearing Canon Adderley himself—an excellent substitute, because he has infected it through and through with his humour and wisdom—a curious blend of large charity and caustic intelligence.

Naturally enough, Canon Adderley's most intimate memories appear under the heading "Ecclesiastical". As he would himself say, a man's shop is almost bound to be the most interesting thing about him. "If I am churchy", he explains in one of his chapters, "it is because I am a parson, just as I should be horsey if I were a jockey".

We often encounter the prejudice—possibly a lingering vestige of that undergraduate decorum which at dinner forbids quotations or references to the daily round—that to talk "shop" is rather disgraceful. But surely there can be nothing more interesting, to himself or to anybody else, than to hear an enthusiast upon his own particular business. When one meets an actor one hopes he will talk about the theatre. He knows all about the theatre, and what he has to say will be worth hearing. One does not want him to talk about imperial federation or small holdings. Similarly one likes to hear a mechanic on motor-cars, a soldier upon battles, and a parson upon the Church. One no more objects to Canon Adderley being "churchy" than one objects to a field-marshal being military or a novelist being literary. The prejudice against "shop" is not really a prejudice against shop *in esse*. It is a prejudice against the bad and limited "shop" which confines itself to the unessential aspects of shop, the bones or chaff of the matter.

There are no bones about Canon Adderley's memories of old ecclesiastical battles and alarms. Canon Adderley belongs quite definitely to that school of clergymen of which the fighting parson and the joking parson and the Socialist parson are all familiar members. He has always protested against the attitude which draws a hard line between a priest and a man. In fact he opens a very lively chapter of "opinions" with a protest against this very heresy. This distinction, he says, is never drawn in any other walk of life. People do not, for instance, distinguish between a butcher and a man. They do not say, "I'm going to buy my meat from Mr. Jones. He's the sort of chap I like. He's not a butcher, he's a man".

They choose a butcher for being a butcher. And the moral of this is that you should choose a priest for being a priest. In a word, you want in a priest what Kingsley described outright as priestcraft; and the man who has priestcraft is no more less likely to be a man because he is good and keen on his job than is a butcher for being able to slay cleanly and expeditiously his sheep and oxen.

This attitude of Canon Adderley to his calling allows him, in common with the other members of his school, to get a good deal of fun out of his calling. It was one of the great rediscoveries of Canon Adderley and his friends that humour and religion could be very good company. Adderley, Temple, Dolling, Stanton—all the brilliant Churchmen of this epoch—broke completely with that sour tradition that all smiling was out of place in a pulpit. The mid-Victorian preachers seem to have assumed that any kind of jesting profaned a consecrated edifice, and that for a parson to derive any amusement out of the little things which occasionally go wrong in Church ceremony was flat impiety. We have a rather vivid memory of a quaint scene which occurred in a comfortable parish some years ago. The prim vicar of a Birmingham church had invited a slum parson to preach on behalf of a collection which was being made for a poor district in the neighbourhood. This young preacher ordinarily dealt with congregations of a rather different character. His sermon was to the point and just a little racy; and he introduced some anecdotes illustrating the difficulties of a slum visitor. The vicar grew continually more uneasy, more especially as the congregation showed signs of an indecorously lively interest in the preacher's experiences. The congregation, in fact, was interested, and was in peril of becoming an audience, which was at that time held to be an ungodly assembly. Then, in an awful moment, a distinct titter was heard—the nearest approach to a laugh which had ever been raised within this particular building. The vicar, white with excitement, rose in his stall and gave out the number of a hymn. For a moment nothing happened. Then the organist wheeled about. The hymn started in the choir, straggled into the congregation, and the young preacher, after a look of speechless astonishment in the direction of his clerical host and superior, descended the steps of the pulpit, and accepted his suppression with a charming grace. The amazing part of the story is that this ill-bred conduct of the vicar did not in the least degree impair his popularity with the parish.

Men like James Adderley have at any rate helped to make any such scene as this quite impossible to-day. They have brought humanity into religion, and humour into "priestcraft". They have, in fact, got part of the way back to the religious spirit of the Middle Ages, when religion was a familiar and household companion with a smile for the humours of life and a hearty comrade of the common round. Humour and the ability to give and take and generally encounter the rough and tumble of life run through every line of these memories and enable Canon Adderley to illustrate concretely his own opinion that the better parson is also the better man. There is hardly one of the friends of Canon Adderley in this book—Lang, Temple, Benson, Gore, Scott Holland, Stanton, Creighton—who is not abounding in humanity, of whom some good story cannot be told. As to the author himself, his career is a witness. The man who has been an actor and a Socialist as well as a parson can claim a tolerable breadth of experience; and the man who can tell good stories against himself sufficiently establishes his humour—a humour, be it noted, able to live with a high seriousness and a complete devotion to his calling.

A STORY WORTH WRITING AND WORTH READING.

"Three Pretty Men." By Gilbert Cannan. Methuen. 6s. MR. GILBERT CANNAN can somehow make palatable the most unpromising material. He has written a long novel, which makes, as he himself

seems to recognise, many demands upon the patient and careful reader, in which we are invited to follow over a course of years the fortunes of a singularly unattractive Scottish family in England. The various members of this family, whose characters are described with minute detail, are neither brilliant nor heroic. They have for the most part little that is fascinating or engaging about them. Their doings and achievements are ordinary, trivial and commonplace to a degree. And yet, through a certain wizardry, Mr. Cannan contrives to make us interested in them. If he does not quite succeed in transmuting base metal into gold, he has the art of keeping us agog with the expectation that at any moment he may do so. We feel all the time that Mr. Cannan is working up to some tremendous issue; that he has some weighty matter to impart that will give us a new reading of destiny or that will expound for us some complete philosophy which shall sum up life. In the end we have to discover that Mr. Cannan has no such design. His book is to be read simply as a story, and not as a thinly-disguised powder-in-jam. "There you are", he seems to say, "that is life as I see it. If you don't like it I can't help it".

And life, as Mr. Cannan depicts it in these pages, is a dour and depressing business enough. For the Lawrie family it held but one idea—to get on. Mrs. Lawrie, the widow of a Scotch minister, left with a pension of ninety pounds a year with which to prepare her five children to make a figure in the world, could never forgive her grudge against life, until her children had set matters right by re-asserting their proper position in the scheme of things. And it was at Thrigsby, one of those Manchester-like hideous homes of English industry, that she launched her sons into life. The two younger boys take to the life of the city naturally, and become more or less successful business men; but Jamie, the eldest son, although he, too, for a time "makes his way" in the world financially, rebels against its ugliness. "My ambition", said Jamie fiercely, "is to destroy Thrigsby and all its works. It is a disease, a foul blot on the world; its aims are mean and its deeds are wicked".

Jamie is, indeed, the chief person of the book. He might be called its hero, were not "Three Pretty Men", like "Vanity Fair", a novel without a hero. On him Mr. Cannan has bestowed his most painstaking care, and in him we cannot help feeling that Mr. Cannan has his mouthpiece. But although Jamie is far and away the most sympathetic character in the book, he is a thoroughly uncomfortable person. He is moody, melancholy, self-conscious, oppressed by his sense of his own futility, aware of his incongruity, and ever enduring "that conflict between self-knowledge and self-conceit in which so many Scotsmen spend their miserable lives". Humour-lacking, he is inclined to succumb to the besetting sin of earnestness, and is only redeemed by a certain poetry in his nature, an overwhelming love of the beautiful, which renders him a rebel against his surroundings. He desired that the girl he should love should be a kind of pixie dwelling in a lake, and that he should be a wizard to call her forth and make her human. And by the irony of things he had to pass his days in a bank. He escapes in the end, and although he does not attain to any degree of finality or any substantial happiness, we leave him with his confession, "I am a poor man and a failure, and glad to be so", secure in the sense that after all he has achieved success. There is much fine stuff in the book. It is a novel that arouses and challenges thought.

CHILDREN AND THE WAR.

"Essays for Boys and Girls: A First Guide Toward the Study of the War." By Stephen Paget. Macmillan. 5s. net.

"IN these grave times", says Mr. Stephen Paget, "it is hard on a man to be ill. The doctors tell him that he must go away from home, leave what he is doing, or he will not get well". So he goes to

one of the most delightful places in England, but its beauty gets on his nerves. While Europe is in black for the dead, Nature flaunts a thousand colours. Then the visitor remembers that Nature also spends lives to save life. Her colour and beauty are not symbols of peace, because "Each seed in the ground, each blade of grass, each separate bud on a spray of hawthorn, must stand up for itself, to get all that it needs of light and air and nourishment: it must enforce its rights, if it would enjoy them: or it will be defeated. There is no peace where life is . . . everywhere it is war: every hawk is an aeroplane, every spider's web is a wire entanglement." And to all this unceasing conflict Nature adds a travelling havoc of many sorts—tempests and floods, earthquakes, famines, plagues, and migrations. Never does she grow tired of strife. Even the sun, that keeps the world full of teeming life, is temperate in a few countries only.

As man is a part of Nature he shares always in her millionfold warfare, but his attitude towards his lot varies from the ruthless joy of savages to the eloquent self-pity of the over-civilised. When men have great possessions they want to set permanent limits to perilous conflict, because they have fighting enough in trades, in professions, in exports and imports, in the ups and downs of finance, in spitfire party politics, and against diseases. When their great possessions occupy a vast empire, then they are certain that they have earned a right to live at their ease and to ask the rest of mankind to be equally self-satisfied and peaceful. Having got by fighting all that they need they begin to idolise themselves as pacifists, as persons superior in morals to all their neighbours; on this theme they find it easy to chatter with a seductive zeal; for nothing less than a cessation of dangerous contest can give security to those who have either won or inherited a plethora of riches.

Pacifism has its own logic, only it is at odds with Nature's encompassing strife. To be entirely satisfied and to long for ease and leisure is to be elderly: it is to forget that decadence begins at the point where growth culminates. The present war—a new migration of barbarians—came to remind us and the French of this primal truth: came just in time to save us from our elderliness and from other phases of "peaceful penetration". As a tide of barbarians swept Rome out of existence, so this new migration of men trained to make war has for its aim the destruction of another ancient civilisation that tried to evade military defence. Migrations have always been atrociously cruel, and the present one will not be split up by any policy of rose-water.

Mr. Stephen Paget views the war from the standpoint in vogue six or seven months ago. He wrote before the migration swept on to Constantinople. But in many respects his book is current with present needs. Though he says that he writes for boys and girls only, yet he does much more; he speaks to all civilians when he says that a terrible question comes "from countless little wooden crosses over graves in France and Belgium and Gallipoli, and from all the unmarked graves of the sea: *Is it nothing to you?* Why, the war is your war. The miseries of it will be the making of your safety."

Here is a truth too often forgotten. It is very difficult for civilians to understand that they are pensioners of the dead and pensioners also of the living who are prepared to die for the future of the nation. Children are the future; they will live in a world that we shall never see. May they never be as foolish as we have been; may they never drown their good sense in a flood-tide of prosperity and in spates of illusions. The training of their minds is as important as the war; but how can this training be first-rate, seeing that we ourselves are not first-rate teachers?

Mr. Stephen Paget says a great deal that is wise and necessary, but he accepts some mistakes of the past. Instead of showing the grave errors of the Victorian age, errors from which the whole nation suffers to-day, he tells children that those who break jests on the Victorian period are fools. Yet the

biggest men of Victoria's time hated the industrial revolution and its jerry-built "hives of industry". All that Ruskin and Carlyle said against their own time has been confirmed by later historians; and all the weakness in our present social life is a continuation of some Victorian bungling, as in the licence granted by the nation to anti-social wars between labour and capital. Mr. Paget detests lock-outs and strikes, yet he overpraises the age of Victoria.

Mr. Paget writes a very good chapter on Belgium, and another as good on France, and he is thoughtful and admirable in his attitude to Russia and to Italy. His views on Germany are less valuable, partly because they miss the barbarism which has ever been present in her mixed racial character, and partly because they do not dwell long enough on the great increase of her population. For a hundred years she has been preparing for a new migratory epoch. We note, too, that there is not a separate chapter on the British Isles and their prolific mistakes. Many of these mistakes are mentioned here and there in the chapters, and the author sees and says that the greatness of France in this war is a lesson to our civilians, with their frequent strikes and rumours of strikes. But a separate chapter would have focussed essential lessons. Side by side with Germany's preparations for a migratory war was the British apathy toward a long-advertised danger. On this one fact Mr. Paget could have written a long chapter invaluable to children, who need as much good sense as Mr. Oliver has put into his "Ordeal by Battle".

There is another book that Mr. Paget should write. The post-war times at their best will not be times of tranquillity, because a very dangerous competition will go on between the social and industrial life of many nations: exports and imports will be battlefields. How are children to be trained for this post-war contest? And by what means should British discords of liberty be orchestrated into concords friendly to the common good?

"LES YEUX QUI S'OUVRENT."

"A Mind Awakened." By Henri Bordeaux. Translated by E. H. Davis. Dent. 6s.

ALTHOUGH as a literary figure M. Henri Bordeaux can scarcely be mentioned in the same breath with the four or five most distinguished writers alive in France to-day, his work is worthy of very close attention. As an artist he is obviously inferior to Loti, Paul Bourget, Octave Mirbeau, Anatole France, and Maurice Barrès, yet his books need to be read by all who would understand the spirit of his country in the twentieth century. He is, we believe, still a young man. It was never his lot to wander in what the Abbé Dimnet calls "the jungle of the Decadents". The leading note in all his novels is extremely serious, and in everything he writes can be discerned a lofty patriotism founded on a simple affection for that particular part of France of which he is native. Moral and social questions interest him deeply, and now and then, especially in "La Peur de Vivre", he showed himself to be capable of real originality in thought. The defects in "A Mind Awakened" ("Les Yeux qui s'ouvrent") are those natural to a young author in deadly earnest. M. Bordeaux is so full of faith in his propaganda that he has little time to spend either in the study of his art as a writer or in the cultivation of a sense of humour. Certainly he has no time whatever for examining that mysterious and, probably, iniquitous thing called "the other side of the case". Consequently, the reader of the novel is often attacked by the thought of another book which could be written by another equally earnest young author in its refutation.

Because of his belief that the nation is founded on the institution of the family, M. Bordeaux has felt it his duty to turn his story into a tract on the question of divorce. Marriage is to him inviolable for the sake of the children. Albert and Elizabeth Derizes cannot be described as a happily matched pair in any respect.

The woman is stupid, petty, and frivolous without being cheerful, whereas the man is generous by temperament and intellectual. On a visit to London he meets Anne de Sezéry, who, having spent several years in England, has ideas on personal liberty which would seem extravagant to almost any Frenchman. She is, however, the mate he seems to need, and, rather than give up her friendship, he throws in his lot with hers and deserts his wife. Elizabeth, left alone with her two children, gradually learns how she has been at fault, and when she meets Albert again there is the beginning of a reconciliation. The point of view taken by the author is decidedly hostile to the party of feminism as we know it in this country. Elizabeth is not so much expected to forgive her husband's lapse from fidelity as to apologise for her having caused it. The husband is not, we note, blamed greatly for having forgotten his children at the call of passion and personal happiness, but is only reprimanded when he hesitates to open his arms to a repentant wife. In the final settlement Anne does not count for much; she goes to India as a missionary.

The author holds that the claims of the family are paramount; and it seems that within the family the husband and father should play the part of the beneficent despot. Even if it be admitted that these views are right and reasonable, we must still blame M. Bordeaux for his failure to show that opposite ideas, though wrong, are to some extent plausible. He is too dogmatic, too contemptuous of difference in opinion. His greatest success in this novel is the character of the unreformed Elizabeth—a woman whose every word and gesture were calculated to drive an intelligent man to despair—for her silliness is the genuine article and not the counterfeit of a novelist's desk-work. To Anne, with her English ideas, the author tries to do justice. He makes us know her charm, but he considers her an ineffectual creature. Some of the discussion betrays lack of humour, though a graver want of wit may be found in the fact that M. Bordeaux has chosen for the scene of his novel the town which Stendhal made famous in literature. The choice provokes comparisons which it would be wiser to avoid.

FROM BELGIUM AND HER REFUGEES.

"A Book of Belgium's Gratitude." Comprising Literary Articles by Representative Belgians, together with their translations by Various Hands, and Illustrated throughout in colour and black and white, by Belgian Artists. John Lane. 5s. net.

THIS book of gratitude is not easy for an Englishman to review, because it is England's duty to be hospitable to the Belgian refugees, and to receive gratitude for a duty done is very bad form. But the contributions are so true in feeling that the book is one of fine courtesy; it is like the heartfelt thanks that doctors and nurses receive from their patients. A Book of Belgium's Courtesy, approved by the beautiful chivalry of King Albert and graced with a letter from his Queen, adds a noble spirit to the written history of this Prussianised war. The editors have been helped by the most representative Belgians, and the translations are all well done by women and men of distinction.

Here and there we miss a name. Fernand Khnopff is not among the artists, and for five-and-twenty years he has had many friends in this country. The artists comprise Emile Claus, André Cluysenaar, Albert Delstanche, J. G. Rosier (whose pencil portrait of Viscount Gladstone is a very fine miniature), Victor Rousseau, Michel Sterckmans, Jean Delville (whose chalk portrait of the Rt. Hon. Herbert Samuel is bold and quizzical), Marten van der Loo, Albert Baertsoen, Adolphe Hamesse, Valerius de Saedeleer, Julien Celos, Pierre Paulus, Charles Mertens (with an excellent pencil study of Sir Ernest Hatch and a characterful portrait in white chalk of the Hon. Harry Lawson, M.P.), Louis de Smeth, Alexandre Marcette, Paul Wissaert, Maurice

Wagemans, A. Jonniaux (whose vision of Mr. Hall Caine is a reproachful ghost of Shakespeare), Marcel Jefferys, Jules de Bruycker and Albert Claes (with four good studies of Oxford and Cambridge), Dolf van Roy, Maurice Blicq, Marc-Henri Meunier, Alfred Bastien, Jean de Bosschère, Louis Reckelbus, and Mlle. Jenny Montigny.

Musicians will read with interest what Eugène Ysaye writes about Art and the War, and what Arthur de Greef says of the British Musical Temperament, which he loves in "the delicious songs of Scotland, Ireland and Wales", and in our best orchestras and choirs. But he sees that England to-day needs an English school of music, an art of her own. Let her draw water from her own well.

Among the most original contributions we place a thoughtful paper by the Comtesse van den Steen de Jehay on national character as shown in dying soldiers—French, British, and Belgian. "The Frenchman loves to seal his dying hour with a word, a word which sums him up and carries him off with a flourish. Striving unconsciously after effect, his whole soul rises to his white lips in a cry of love, pity, or heroic mockery." Our own men die calmly, with an inherited impassiveness. The Countess understands them, for she has worked with them at Ypres, and watched also in that stricken city the splendid work done by the "Friends' Unit". There is much for historians to glean from these brief essays, the Book of Belgium's Courtesy being also in the main a book of history written by eye-witnesses.

LATEST BOOKS.

"An Untamed Territory." By Elsie R. Masson. Macmillan. 6s.

This book is quite the best attempt that has been made to show how the problems of tropical colonisation in Australia affect women. An optimistic woman, writing in the "Times" a year or so back, cheerfully stated that women go from Melbourne to Northern Australia with less fuss than other women change their abode from Kensington to Bayswater, adding that she had never heard "anything about the unhealthiness of the

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climate" in the Australian tropics. Those who wish to know the true facts of the case will do well to read Miss Maasson's charming account of her own stay in the Northern Territory. Besides being guarded against talking nonsense, they will be abundantly repaid by many amusing side-lights upon the lives of buffalo hunters, Chinese traders, black fellows, and of white pioneers. The servant difficulty is always with us, like poverty, in England; perhaps Australian life shows a good method of escape. "Punch's" advice to those about to marry was only persiflage. The bush woman, who knows how easy domestic work is in an English kitchen to what it is in a corrugated iron substitute—as cold in winter as charity, as hot in summer as a Dutch oven—is a little scornful of her untravelled English sisters. When they wail "What shall I do for servants?" she is tempted to reply "Do without them".

"The History of the Harlequinade." By Maurice Sand. Secker. 25s. Maurice Sand, the original French author of these volumes, was the son of George Sand, a devoted historian of the Comedy of Mankind. His book is an historical classic, and has the disadvantages of an historical classic in that it needs expert correction and revision. Sand's errors were enthusiastic and have been rudely chastened by time. Scholars to-day do not look, as Sand looked, for the Harlequinade in Greece and Rome. It is better to begin with Italy. Even so the story is sufficiently chequered—a story which includes world-famous genius and traditions which deeply modified the course of dramatic history in Italy, in France and in England. Nor is the story finished. A new chapter may be opened any minute, and may confidently be expected to open as soon as any actor with the genius of Rich or Grimaldi appears. We have recently in London had a distinct reminiscence of one of the parties to the story in *L'Enfant Prodigue*. Miming will never entirely perish, nor will the written drama, if it be wise, protest against its revival. The Harlequinade has a literary history. It has always shown itself able to come to terms with comedy erudite or popular. Meantime, for those who desire an old classic with its historical imperfections on its head, here is the opportunity to obtain of it a comely edition in the vulgar tongue.

"The Year of Chivalry." By Edmund Candler. Simpkin. 5s. net.

This is a collection of sketches, most of which originally appeared in the "Daily Mail" and "Times", and are already familiar to Mr. Candler's friends. They illustrate how England and France are taking the war and all that the war implies. Mr. Candler touches firmly upon the heroism of our soldiers, imparting the thrill of their achievements without false sentiment or exaggeration. The book makes us glad to think of the new opportunities for observation and record which are now being accorded him as eye-witness in Mesopotamia.

"The Superman in Modern Literature." By Leo Berg. Jarrold. 5s.

This author of this book has a sound knowledge of European literature. Many names in these pages will be unfamiliar to English readers; for English readers read their own literature, and a little French, and after that rely upon the translator. Mr. Berg looks for the superman with discretion. There are critics with whom the superman is an obsession. They find him in every author who describes or loves a hero. Mr. Berg does not unduly strain his text. It is allowable to find a trace of the superman in Carlyle, though even here we must be careful. Carlyle's heroes are not above morality, and though they lead they do not necessarily enslave their admirers. One of the most interesting passages in this book is Mr. Berg's account of Dostoevski's reaction to the idea of the exceptional man who claims to be above morality. The fundamental opposition between the Russian and German spirit can be very well studied in the contrast between Rasokolnikoff and Zarathustra as pilgrims of superhumanity.

"Dante and the War." By H. C. de Lafontaine. Constable. 3s. 6d.

An anthology or discussion of Dante's political creed of war and rulership cannot fail to be interesting at any time. Dante's "De Monarchia" is a classic of political philosophy which cannot be too often or too deeply studied. It is the original gospel of all those who in the last four centuries have asked for a resolute, beneficent and wise disposition of absolute power in the State. Dante's ideal was an ideal for warlike times. We are hearing it again to-day in the cry for an English dictator. But Dante swung the axis of his political world between the spiritual and temporal poles of Pope and Emperor. His doctrine will no longer fit in detail; but the spirit is still alive. Dante, as a warrior-patriot, would have had as little liking as Lord Robert Cecil for our committee of twenty-two. This little book admirably summarises Dante's case for Monarchy, his fighting politics, and attitude to war.

"The British Dominions Year Book." Issued by the British Dominions General Insurance Company, 1 Royal Exchange Avenue.

This is a really excellent year book. It describes in an admirable series of articles by qualified men the course of the war, surveys the resources of the Dominions, and, what is extremely pertinent at this time, systematically regards the war as an

Imperial concern. This is a book which will fit the growing feeling on behalf of Imperial Federation and encourage it. It brings the Dominions nearer home. Mr. Edward Salmon writes of the rally of the Empire with accurate knowledge and a sincere enthusiasm, and has clearly had the Imperial interest of the book continually in his mind as editor-in-chief. This interest has an urgent appeal at present. Recent events have shown that the disputed ideals of ten years ago are now political facts which only require expression and recognition in a suitable fashion.

The "Candid Quarterly" for February contains a fine tribute to the genius of Lister; and, speaking of Lister's genius, throws out some very true remarks upon the nature of genius itself and upon its detection. Genius is, as a rule, less easily detected by a fellow expert of the genius as by some other genius outside his professional orbit. Lister was recognised by Huxley at a time when he was ridiculed by his own profession. The outsider sees the spark; the insider sees only the working of the accumulators. We may be fairly certain that to his friends at the Mermaid Shakespeare was not much more than a rather clever dramatist than themselves. Another article appears in the "Candid" to show us the qualities of genius—an article upon Nelson, more particularly his first great and audacious act in asserting in defiance of the authorities the sanctity of the English Navigation Laws. This tribute to Nelson has all that high enthusiasm for the sea which belongs so intimately to the editor of the "Candid". It also has that other quality we now are accustomed to look for in the "Candid": it is admirably written. Mr. Bowles pursues to extremity his attack upon the Government's Orders in Council in a number of articles. The "Candid" closes with some memorable "documents" of the war—incidents and letters from the front.

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EAGLE OIL TRANSPORT.

THE Ordinary General Meeting of the Eagle Oil Transport Co., Ltd., was held on Wednesday, Lord Cowdray, the chairman, presiding.

The Chairman said: The profit of £314,820 for last year must be as gratifying to you as it is to the board. This profit is generally indicative of the steady year by year earnings that the company should obtain from its existing fleet. The company, having chartered its boats for a long term of years, is assured against periods of depression in trade, but, on the other hand, it does not participate in the "booms". Its shares may, therefore, be included in the category of those considered as reliable producers of the household income. Owing to increased working expenses, the earnings of the past year, however, are not so great as they would have been under normal conditions. Provisions are costing the company some 25 per cent. more to-day than they did before the war. Wages, including the war bonus, are up some 50 per cent., while owing to the present high values of the vessels your directors have considered it advisable to increase the insurances. In addition, the congestion of the dry docks and repair yards and the shortage of labour has been so great that, in common with other shipowners, serious delays occurred in executing the repairs and overhauls required by our ships. The time so lost, of course, means that the earning capacity of the vessels is correspondingly reduced. In order that you may realise the greatness and importance of your property, I may say, speaking in round numbers, that the tonnage of your fleet on the outbreak of war constituted about 20 per cent. of the tanker steamers flying the British flag and some 10 per cent. of the total oil ships of the world. Within the last 12 or 15 months orders have been placed by practically all the great oil companies—largely with American shipbuilders—for new tonnage. The vessels now under construction will increase the total oil tonnage afloat by over 33 per cent. It is gratifying to know that the bulk of the steamers so ordered are 10,000-tonners with a good number of 15,000-tonners, as it confirms your board's good judgment when they decided upon boats of these sizes as being the most suitable and economical. This huge additional tonnage must be largely employed in the fuel oil trade. The outlay involved is a striking testimony to the favour into which fuel oil has so rapidly jumped and to the confidence that the owners have in being able to rely upon the continuing production of sufficient oil to keep them employed. I believe I am within the mark when I state that the total tonnage, including that now under construction, will only transport sufficient fuel oil to displace 1 per cent. of the world's production of coal. A ton of oil when used for steam raising purposes may be reckoned as equal to one and a half tons of coal; and when used in internal combustion engines, such as Diesel engines, as equal to some four tons of coal. Apart from the use of fuel oil in special industries, perhaps the greatest advantages to be obtained from it will be by the great ocean steamers. The use of this fuel should reduce their running costs, increase their cargo capacity, and in practice get at least 10 per cent. more power out of the engines. These are advantages which must undoubtedly result in a large proportion of all new tonnage being fitted for burning fuel oil. When oil is used as fuel on locomotives and land installations and can be purchased at a price not exceeding 50 per cent. more than that of South Wales coal the direct savings alone justify its use; but in practice it has been found that oil costing twice the price of South Wales coal can still be used with advantage. The foregoing brief remarks show that tonnage of the description owned by our company is assured, in the opinion of those in the trade, of a bright future, and consequently we have every reason to look forward with that contentment and satisfaction which what I may describe as a practical certainty always gives.

There are only one or two items in the accounts that I need refer to. The depreciation reserve account has been increased to £228,785 by the transfer thereto of £112,336, which, although a large sum, is not unduly so from the point of view of sound conservative management. The insurance and other reserve accounts are nearly £20,000 more than last year and the board hopes that this sum will steadily grow. The bills payable to builders, secured by mortgages, now stand at £448,130, which is a reduction in the twelve months of over £270,000. You will note that there is again a sum of £50,000 written off the preliminary expenses, stamp duties, cost of issue, etc., leaving outstanding, which we hope to write off next year, £45,710. These various amounts written off and transferred to reserve, and the increase of £18,000 in the carry forward are by no means small and are providing solid foundations for the future.

I cannot finish without expressing the board's appreciation of the splendid services rendered to the company by its staff. Hereafter, when the details of the war are known, it will be found that the Eagle Oil Transport Co. has rendered not unimportant services to the nation, and that its ships have been navigated with skill and daring.

Sir John D. Rees, M.P., expressed the gratification they all felt, at a time when nearly the whole world was in flames, on receiving a dividend of 6 per cent. It was noteworthy that until some 18 months ago Mexico was the most disturbed portion of the world, and he did not suppose it was even now an easy country in which to conduct such an enterprise as their own, although the conditions there had somewhat improved.

The Chairman in reply said it was gratifying to realise that, essential as peace conditions were to the well-being of Mexico, the prosperity of the Mexican Eagle Oil Co. and of this company would not be materially affected so long as the production and shipments of oil were not interfered with. If by any chance, which was an undreamt-of state of things, oil shipments were prohibited from that country, there was ample work in other parts of the world for the whole of the services of the Eagle Oil Transport Co., so that in no sense could its continued prosperity be regarded as depending on conditions in Mexico.

The resolution was carried, and the dividends as recommended were agreed to.

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